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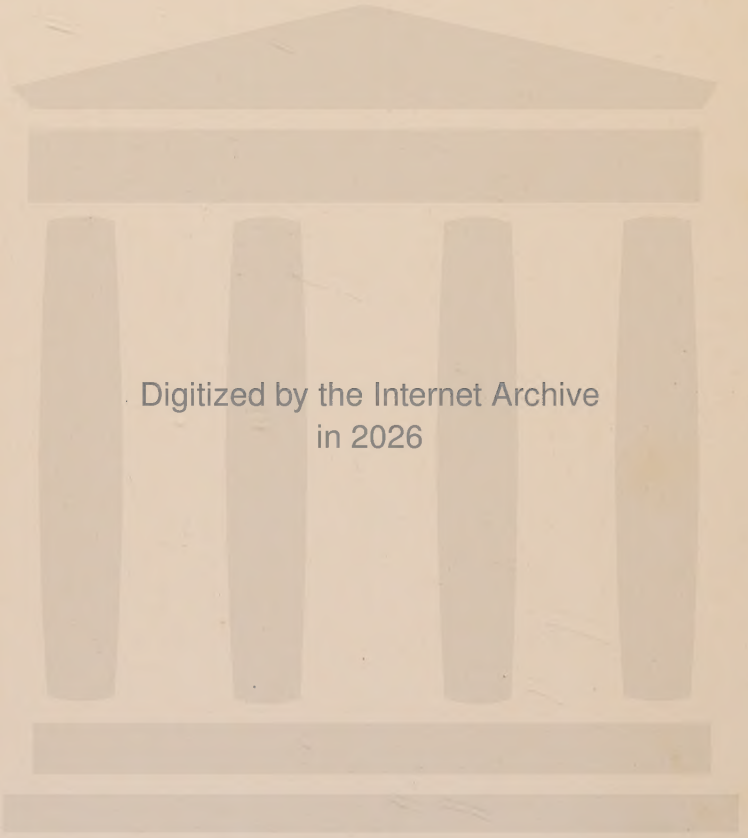
RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS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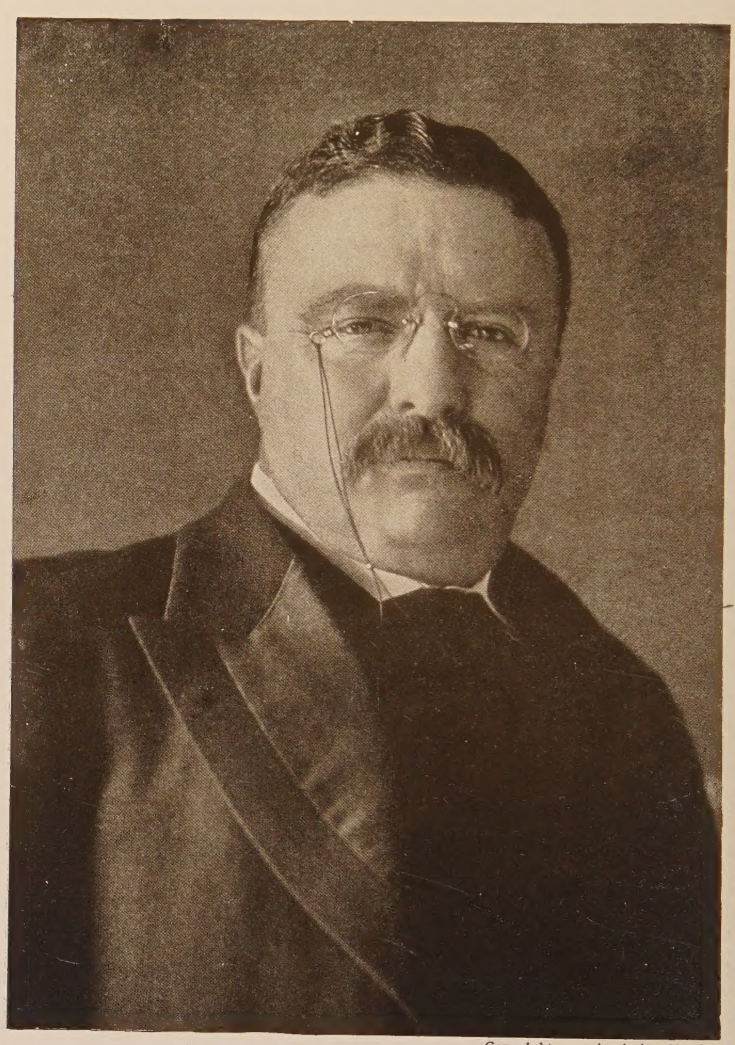

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The twenty-sixth president of the United States. Was elected vice-president, Nov 4, 1900, and succeeded to the presidency on the death of William McKinley, September 14, 1901.

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Recollections of Thirteen Presidents

By

John S. Wise

Author of "The Lion's Skin,"
"The End of an Era,"
"Diomed," etc.

Illustrated

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INTRODUCTION

Since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1789 twenty-six individuals have been Presidents in this country, of whom twenty-five were Presidents of the United States, and one of the Confederate States. Here they are:

1. Washington, from 1789 to 1797.
2. John Adams, from 1797 to 1801.
3. Thomas Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809.
4. James Madison, from 1809 to 1817.
5. James Monroe, from 1817 to 1825.
6. John Quincy Adams, from 1825 to 1829.
7. Andrew Jackson, from 1829 to 1837.
8. Martin Van Buren, from 1837 to 1841.
9. William Henry Harrison, from 1841 until his death.
10. John Tyler, from 1841 to 1845.
11. James K. Polk, from 1845 to 1849.
12. Zachary Taylor, from 1849 until his death.
13. Millard Filmore, from 1850 to 1853.
14. Franklin Pierce, from 1853 to 1857.
15. James Buchanan, from 1857 to 1861.
16. Abraham Lincoln, from 1861 until his death.
17. Andrew Johnson, from 1865 to 1869.
18. Ulysses S. Grant, from 1869 to 1877.
19. Rutherford B. Hayes, from 1877 to 1881.
20. James A. Garfield, from 1881 until his death.
21. Chester A. Arthur, from 1881 to 1885.
22. Grover Cleveland, from 1885 to 1889 and 1893 to 1897.

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23. Benjamin Harrison, from 1889 to 1893.
24. William McKinley, from 1897 until his death.
25. Theodore Roosevelt, from 1902 to date.
26. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, from 1861 to 1865.

The statement made by any man that he has personally known one-half of these statesmen is calculated to create the impression that he is old. Yet before I was fifty-five years old I had personal acquaintance with John Tyler, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Believing that the following reminiscences and anecdotes of these men will prove interesting, they have been written with no ambitious purpose and perhaps originated in personal vanity. But even if that be so, it is hoped that they will nevertheless prove entertaining to that large class which is always interested in the personalities of prominent men.

The reader will catch glimpses of these great men quite different from their presentation by the ordinary historian or biographer, and may form some idea of how they looked and how they acted in everyday life, without seeing too much of their greatness or their plans of government.

He will be quick to discern also, the difference between the impressions made by the oldest upon a child, and those made in later years upon a man. Still later upon a contemporary—and lastly by a President who is younger than the writer.

Without more of introduction let us proceed with the description, after noting one single reflection. We often hear the term "accident" applied to men of great political prominence. There may be, and doubtless are, instances of such accidents; but none of the men who have attained to the Presidency of the United States, whether by election or succession, or to the Presidency of the dead Confederacy, were either "accidental" or ordinary men.

Every one of them has possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality and dominating force, which stamped him as far and away above mediocrity, and so marked him as a leader, that to refer to him as an ordinary man elevated to his position by accident, is grossly erroneous, or weakly invidious; for men do not attain positions of such importance by accident. Some great quality, whether of heroism or statesmanship or popularity or political management, leads to their preferment. No verse in poetry ever written expressed the truth more forcibly than the lines—

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
> Were toiling upward in the night."

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JOHN TYLER

I.—JOHN TYLER

OH! FOR an hour of the happy childhood in which I first laid eyes upon ex-President Tyler. It was in the early fifties. I was a little bit of a freckled-faced boy, with the skin peeling off my nose and sun-blisters on my mouth, bare-footed and bare-headed. My father, who was devoted to his children and loved their companionship, had taken me with him upon a fishing trip to the Virginia Capes. We had spent a glorious week upon a sloop, and I had fished and bathed and run about upon the shore until I was burned and blistered. When the time came for our return to civilisation my underwear was a veritable shirt of Nessus upon my blistered back, and Jim, my father's valet, spent hours smearing me with buttermilk and other remedies to alleviate the pain before I could wear my shirt with any comfort. When our excursion was ended our sloop, in order to save time, sailed out in the Chesapeake Bay from Fisherman's Inlet at the point of Cape Charles, hailed the *Northampton* which plied daily between Cherrystone upon the Eastern Shore and Old Point Comfort, and our party was transferred in the middle of Chesapeake Bay, leaving our

sailing vessel to return at her leisure. The bay was rough and the transfer was no easy matter, with the sloop and steamer bobbing up and down, side by side. I hesitated about making the leap from our boat to the steamer. My father had no patience with timidity. After I had blinked one or two good opportunities to jump, he lost patience, seized me by the collar and seat of my trousers and tossed me mercilessly across the boiling waters into the arms of a sailor standing at the gangway. Safely aboard, we soon reached Old Point, and thence she headed for Hampton, at which point boats in those days touched on their way to Norfolk.

Old Point was nothing like it is now. None of the great hotels were built. The old Hygeia located near the sally-port of the fortress, was a small affair. Few of the officers' quarters now seen outside the fort were built. The causeway which now leads to Phoebus was not constructed. Land was reached by a long bridge. Where the town of Phoebus is now built up was farming land. A small female college occupied the present site of the Soldiers' Home. There were no railroads of any kind upon the whole peninsula between the York and James, and upon the great Newport News plantation, now the site of the thriving city with ship yards and a population of thousands, not a dozen people, white and black, resided. Hampton was the only place in

JOHN TYLER

The tenth president of the United States. Was elected vice-president in 1840, and by the death of President Harrison, became president April 4, 1841.

the vicinity of Fortress Monroe with any considerable population. That old settlement antedates the first coming of the English, for when John Smith and his companions arrived at Point Comfort in April of 1607 they found on the present site of Hampton the thriving Indian village of Kickotan, and often returned there from Jamestown, in the "starving time," to buy corn from the Indians. I remember that my father pointed out to me then, or at some other time, the place at which John Smith, in his narrative, claimed to have shot an immense number of wild fowl, in company with two companions, when he went to Hampton to buy corn in the winter of 1608. While, with a boy's eagerness, I was taking in all the points of interest, the wind blew my hat overboard, for which my father gave me a sound lecture about carelessness, not ended when the steamer slowed up at the Hampton Wharf. There, among the crowd waiting for the steamer, stood a striking-looking old gentleman, whose face, the instant he saw my father upon the deck, beamed with recognition, and to whose joyous greetings my father made prompt reply, forgetting all about the lecture on the loss of my hat in his delight at meeting an old friend.

"Why, there is President Tyler," he exclaimed. But that announcement was hardly necessary, for those around Mr. Tyler were bidding him

good-bye with such cordiality and showing him such marked deference and attention that there was no mistaking his being an unusually important personage.

As soon as the gangplank was down he came aboard and hurried up to the promenade deck where we were. He and my father greeted each other with almost boyish ardour. He was then over sixty years old. Yet, as I remember him, he mounted the companion-way with a step almost agile, and his voice, while rather thin and high and piping, was exceedingly agreeable and sympathetic.

Mr. Tyler was, in appearance, of the old-fashioned type of country gentleman then quite common but nowadays almost extinct. Occasionally one comes across it, even to this day, in the Middle West, but rarely elsewhere. He was a tall, thin, flat, clean-shaven man, attired in neat but not over-new black broadcloth. He wore a standing collar, open at the throat, with a soft black neckcloth with long pointed ends. His waistcoat was cut low, displaying a spotless shirt bosom of fine material. I think he wore calfskin boots. I remember being as much impressed by his narrow, flat feet and long, thin fingers as by his striking face. His head was well turned and carried high upon a thin but muscular neck. The Adam's apple at the throat was prominent, and, in its constant play, an object well calculated

to fix the absorbed attention of the small boy. He had a high, receding forehead, from which his thin light hair, not very gray, was brushed back, a prominent beak-like Roman nose, and a chin not strong and aggressive enough to suit my ideal of to-day. His eye, blue as I remember it, was open, bright, clear and kind, and his mouth firm and pure and sweet in expression. Goodness and kindness and love and sympathy for his neighbours enveloped him like an atmosphere, and few men came under the spell of his personal attractiveness without feeling kindly toward Mr. Tyler, whether they agreed with his political views or not. I think this indescribable sympathy and charity for all mankind was one of the most potent factors in his political triumphs. He was sixteen years older than my father, so that when he attained the Presidency in 1841, at the age of fifty-one, my father, then in Congress, was but thirty-five, a difference in age which seems much greater at that period in life than when men grow older together.

When Harrison and Tyler were candidates my father was a fiery, impetuous, eloquent young Whig representative in Congress from Virginia, who had denounced Van Burenism with all the power of his fierce invective. He went in the Harrison and Tyler coalition of 1840 with heart and soul, to accomplish the overthrow of what was known as the "Spoils" system of the Democ-

racy. Heartily with him, but upon much more conservative lines, was his father-in-law and my grandfather, John Sergeant of Philadelphia, who was also a Whig member of the lower House. Mr. Sergeant was at that time over sixty years of age; a thorough paced Federalist; a Bank man; a devoted admirer of Henry Clay; and a Whig who centred all his hopes upon the election of General Harrison.

A coalition between the Whigs and the Anti-Van Buren Democrats was the only means by which the defeat of Van Buren could be accomplished. That coalition was brought about by the selection of John Tyler of Virginia, an Anti-Van Buren Democrat, as the candidate for Vice-President upon the ticket with General Harrison, whose antecedents were Whig and Federalist.

The record of Mr. Tyler was perfectly well known when he was nominated. My father, his fellow Virginian and personal friend, saw in him the material for strengthening the coalition and, from the Whig side, was largely instrumental in securing his nomination. It brought to the support of the movement many votes which would not have been cast for it otherwise. Everybody remembers the coon-skin and hard-cider campaign of 1840. "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" swept the country.

My father in that campaign made his famous speech, in which he uttered the sentiment, "The

HENRY A. WISE

Statesman and Orator. Born December 3, 1806; died September 12, 1876.

union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union." He was himself re-elected to Congress from Virginia, and my grandfather, Mr. Sergeant, an ardent supporter of Harrison and Tyler, was also re-elected, without opposition, from the old silk-stocking district in Philadelphia.

Up to this time General Harrison was of course the dominant figure in the movement. Mr. Tyler was a mere incident. The Whig triumph seemed complete, for, even had Mr. Tyler been disposed to antagonise Whig policies or measures, he could not have accomplished much in the position of Vice-President. It is not likely, however, that if General Harrison had lived there would have been any friction between Mr. Tyler and the Whig party. While as Vice-President he might not have become champion of their bank and tariff views, he would not, perhaps, have made any assault upon them, and would have contented himself with vigorous advocacy of other reform measures, directed against abuses which had led to the popular uprising against Van Burenism.

Never were the hopes of the Whig party so high as when General Harrison was inaugurated. He was an old man, not much of a politician. He was a pronounced Whig and a great admirer of Mr. Clay. Clay was the idol of the Whigs. His hold upon them was something marvellous. The secret of that hold is almost incomprehensible in our day.

Mr. Clay was a passionate, dissipated man, of exceedingly boisterous and loose modes of living, often indulging in carouses and excesses which would have alienated and driven away conservative support from almost anyone else. But his excesses, instead of sapping his influence and alienating his Puritan following, seemed to draw it closer to him. It was deaf to all suggestions of his fallibility. My grandfather was a conspicuous instance of this. He was a formal, undemonstrative Philadelphia lawyer of Puritan antecedents; had begun life under a Quaker; had grown up in the strictest abstinence and self-denial, and lived in an atmosphere of temperate, cleanly domestic life. In business he was a model of precision and punctiliousness. He and his neighbour, Horace Binney, between whom and himself a life-long intimacy existed, were preëminently types of that frugal, industrious, studious, ever-watchful man of the time described by the then popular phrase "a Philadelphia lawyer." He participated in political struggles as much from a sense of duty as from any desire for their honours. The emoluments were far below those of professional employments which he abandoned temporarily in order to discharge, as he understood it, the obligations of good citizenship. So distinguished was he for these Spartan qualities, the very opposites of Mr. Clay, that he was chosen as the running mate of Mr.

Clay in the Presidential campaign of 1832. The ticket was Clay and Sergeant. The eccentricities of Mr. Clay did not in the least degree alienate or weaken the admiration and devotion to him of Mr. Sergeant.

"Gallant Harry of the West," as he was called by his followers, might spend half the year in Washington, drinking brandy, playing "lou" and "brag" and "faro," horse racing, fighting and fomenting duels, contracting debts he could not pay, indulging in any and all the exuberant dissipations which his recklessness suggested, while men of the type of Mr. Sergeant led their simple, frugal, virtuous, orderly lives, with almost ascetic ideals of temperance and order in social life and business. They might cross off from their Puritan ledgers others who did not conform to their rigorous standards, which were, in general, narrow, uncompromising and exacting.

But there was one man to whose shortcomings they were deaf and dumb, and that was Henry Clay. His brilliant talents never failed to summon them to arms, like a beacon set upon a hill-top for the gathering of the Highland clans. To the day of his death, there was never a moment when they did not answer his call with the bounding loyalty of clansmen flocking to standard at sight of the burnt-cross signal sent forth by Rhoderick Dhu.

The election of General Harrison was believed

by the Whigs to mark the inauguration of all their pet policies of bank and tariff.

They had absolute faith in the efficacy of those measures. The future seemed full of promise. Mr. Clay was their high priest. With him to frame and secure the passage of these laws, and with a pliant executive to approve and enforce them, they anticipated first an era of great prosperity to the country; after that the delayed reward of their idol, Clay, by electing him on the strength of successful administration to the Presidency; and, finally, a long lease of power to the Whig party. It was an intoxicating hope rudely shattered by an unexpected event. And the bitterness attending the reaction was terrific.

General Harrison was sixty-eight years old when elected. He had led a life of great exposure and was decrepit beyond his years. He was literally hand-shaken to death by his exuberant friends within one month after his inauguration.

At the time this occurred Mr. Tyler resided in Williamsburg, Virginia. He was a man of simple domestic tastes with no talent for money-making. It is a tribute to his honesty that although he and his father before him had been in public life for many years, with many opportunities to make money, he was poor. Among his most intimate friends at the time was the late William S. Peachy, a distinguished lawyer of the old "burg," and a connection of mine by marriage. The people

of Williamsburg were devoted to Mr. Tyler, and cherished his memory as one of the most lovable men who ever resided there. Mr. Peachy had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences concerning him. This is the story of his accession to the Presidency, as told to me by Mr. Peachy:

After the inauguration Mr. Tyler had returned from Washington to Williamsburg. His life at his home was most unpretentious. There were no railroads, and it required several days to travel from Washington to Williamsburg. The turmoil of the capitol was unknown and almost unheard of in the primitive community of Williamsburg, and one bright April afternoon Mr. Tyler, who delighted in the companionship of his boys, was engaged with them in a game of marbles in a pathway leading to his home. The spot, pointed out to me by Mr. Peachy, is not far from the site of the old Revolutionary powder magazine. Peachy, who was a young lawyer, with residence and office not far distant, had been attracted to the scene of the game by the hilarity of Mr. Tyler and his sons. They were playing the old-fashioned game of "knucks" and the infliction of the well-known penalties made them all boisterous. Mr. Tyler had to take his punishment along with the others, and when it was his turn to put up the "knucks" his boys reveled in the opportunity. He had lost and was actually down upon his knee with knuckles upon the ground,

taking his medicine stoically amidst the shouts of the by-standers, when a stranger drove up and inquired for "the President." Mr. Tyler arose and told him who he was, not appropriating to himself the title, and assuming that it was applied to him by mistake. The stranger, without more ado, delivered his dispatches, which were in deep mourning, and a moment later Mr. Tyler, after breaking the seals and reading, started and exclaimed in great distress, "My God, the President is dead!" It was the first intimation that anyone in Williamsburg had that General Harrison was even indisposed. The dispatch bearer had been sent by a chartered sailboat direct from Washington to Yorktown, and thence made his way by vehicle to Williamsburg. One may well imagine the different kinds of startling effects upon the people produced by this announcement. Up to that time no President had died in office during the fifty-two years in which the Government had existed. Nobody had seriously considered the likelihood of this contingency, especially so soon after the inauguration. It was a great and novel national calamity. But, great as its effects were elsewhere, it was an astounding thing to Mr. Tyler himself, and to his neighbours and associates, to find that in an instant, at a time when he had no thought of such a thing, he had been transformed by accident from the *tertium quid* of the Vice-Presidency into a full-fledged President. Mr.

Peachy said he betrayed unaffected distress, and had no thought apparently of how the event changed his own fortunes. He at once returned to his house, with the tears streaming down his face, for he was a man of deep emotions and was sincerely attached to the deceased President. Later in the evening he wrote a note requesting Mr. Peachy to come to his residence. Upon arrival there Peachy found him arranging for an immediate departure for Washington by the same boat that had brought the news of General Harrison's death. After some general conversation, the President confided to him, with manifest embarrassment, that he did not have the means necessary to defray the expenses of his journey to Washington, and inquired whether he could help him out of his difficulties. Peachy laughed at his anxiety, and promptly replied that it was an easy matter to arrange.

There was in Williamsburg then, as there always is in places like it, a thrifty merchant, who was the money-lender and banker of the community. There was no doubt of his ability to furnish all the money requisite, and Mr. Peachy, after suggesting this, offered to call upon him and obtain the requisite loan. The President hesitated and said, "Yes, I have a note from him already, offering me all the money I need. But," he added, after an embarrassed pause, pushing the note to Mr. Peachy, "I would rather not take it

from him if I can arrange it otherwise, for, to be frank with you, Peachy, some months ago, when I needed money badly, I tried to borrow it from him and he refused me peremptorily. I could not offer the security then which I can now. Of course he had a right to refuse me, but it mortified me nevertheless; and, now, I would rather not place myself under obligations to him when the reason of the change in his attitude is so plain."

It is needless to add that the money was forthcoming from other sources.

Mr. Clay never accepted the conditions arising from General Harrison's death. He preferred to assume that Tyler belonged to the Whig party, with all the obligations of General Harrison resting upon him. As the Whig party really belonged to Henry Clay, Tyler was, that being true, as much an asset for administration as the good old Indian fighter Harrison would have been if he had lived. So Clay proceeded to formulate the Whig measures which Harrison would have approved, and when Tyler refused to approve them Clay denounced him as having betrayed Whig principles; and all the other Whigs, great and small, throughout the land joined in the chorus, until the world for a time believed that John Tyler was lineal descendant and administrator *de bonis non* of Judas Iscariot, deceased.

Clay was a royal old bully and drove the steel home into Tyler with all his might and main,

and John Minor Botts, a Whig congressman from the Richmond district in Virginia, proclaimed that he would "Head Captain Tyler or die," and Mr. Sergeant glowered upon him as upon an apostate. But they never did head Captain Tyler, and they never shook him in his resolution. They accused him of trying to "Tylerise" the Whig party. But they never succeeded in "Whigizing" the party named Tyler. The result of the great "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" combination was that it met the ordinary fate of incongruous coalitions, and its members fought each other; but when the breach came the element which, according to the usual course, naturally becomes the servient element became, by an accident, the dominant element.

How can any man be a traitor to principles he never espoused? Tyler never was a Whig. He never pretended to be anything but a Democrat. He was not nominated as a Whig but as an Anti-Spoils Democrat, in coalition with Whigs and other disaffected Democrats, the object being to attract still other Democrats to the coalition in numbers sufficient to defeat the organization Democrats, who advocated the doctrine "To the Victors belong the Spoils."

The only principle of Whiggery which Tyler espoused when he accepted the coalition nomination was that for which the coalition was formed, and by which alone it was practicable, to wit:

the breaking down of the spoils system of Democracy, inaugurated by Jackson and in full force under Van Buren.

It was demanding too much of Tyler to insist that, upon other questions about which he had never agreed with Whig doctrine, he should abandon the convictions of a lifetime and approve measures merely because General Harrison, if he had lived, would have registered the dictates of the Whig autocrat Clay.

So Tyler and his party, if such it may be called, were soon together by the ears, in one of the most virulent political contests of the century. And he had very few friends left in or out of Congress. The Democrats rejoiced at his dilemma, because they looked upon him as a deserter from them; and the Whigs, frantic at his obstinacy, pretended to regard him as a traitor. His friends in Congress were so few that they were called the "Corporal's Guard," and at the head of them was my father. His championship of Mr. Tyler was in my opinion, from a political standpoint, the most disastrous step of his political life and the costliest to him; but it was infinitely to the credit of his heart and in keeping with his innate chivalric repugnance to wrong and outrage. In all his antecedents he had been a Whig. He had opposed the Democratic doctrine of nullification and voted for Andrew Jackson. His championship of Tyler ultimately led him into affiliation with the Democ-

racy. I believe that, but for his championship of Tyler and the course into which that led him, he would have remained for life a Union man and that he might have attained to any office in the gift of the people. But he loved Tyler and Tyler loved him. They were fellow Virginians. He knew just what circumstances had led to Tyler's nomination, and just what pledges Tyler had and had not given. He deplored, as much as anybody, the death of General Harrison, but he denied that it imposed upon Tyler any obligation to stultify himself in order to avoid Henry Clay's anger. Moreover, Mr. Clay had, as my father believed, done him a grievous wrong in trying to shift to him responsibility for the Graves-Cilley duel, and he thought the wrong Clay was now seeking to inflict upon Tyler was characteristic of Mr. Clay's unfair nature. This intensified his championship of his lovable and much-traduced neighbour and friend. Mr. Tyler, although a man of more than mediocre abilities, was not, in my opinion, as great a man as my father always thought him; but he was a good man and a grateful man. He remembered my father's unselfish friendship, loved him tenderly to the day of his death, and admired him extravagantly. He spoke of him always as a gallant, impetuous boy. When I saw them meet, one nearly seventy and the other over fifty, it was like a meeting between a loving father and son. And well might

Mr. Tyler esteem him highly, for he had championed his cause without once counting the cost. One day in the House of Representatives my grave old grandfather, on the line pressed by Clay in the Senate, attacked Mr. Tyler. The debate was proceeding under the five minutes' rule. His points were strong and trenchant. Up to that time the relations between my father and grandfather had been as cordial as possible. While the latter was a man of deep affection, he was a dignified, reserved man, and exacted the utmost courtesy and respect from everybody, particularly from members of his own family. Anything like discourtesy or a lack of deference offended him deeply, and, once offended, he was slow to forgive or forget.

He was a trenchant debater, and what he said was caustic and telling. In his dispassionate way he spoke beyond the time limit of debate. My father, who in a fight neither asked nor showed quarter, was managing the Tyler side of the debate, and raised the point of order upon my grandfather. When the point was raised, my grandfather turned to the direction whence it came, saw who made it, and took his seat without another word. He never referred to the episode but once, and that was five years afterward. We shall see how. Soon after this a vacancy occurring in the Supreme Court, Mr. Tyler, through my father, tendered the

appointment to Mr. Sergeant, but he declined it and suggested Mr. Binney. Mr. Binney declined it and suggested Mr. Sergeant. The bitter and protracted conflict between Mr. Tyler and Congress nearly destroyed my father's health. His physicians demanded that, upon peril of his life, he should not continue, but take a rest from active politics and seek a Southern climate. Mr. Tyler, who was devoted to "Wise," as he always affectionately called him, nominated him to be Minister to France. The Senate, in this as in nearly everything else recommended by Mr. Tyler, refused to concur. Then Mr. Tyler gave him the choice between Portugal and Brazil. He selected Brazil, and the Senate, while unwilling to give him so rich a plum as France, was glad enough to be rid of him in the House by confirming his appointment to the Brazilian mission. He went there and spent three years fighting the odious African slave trade, regained his health and, after Polk's election, was recalled at his own request. While Mr. Tyler was President, being a widower, he married a beautiful young creature, Julia Gardiner. She was daughter of a New York gentleman who lost his life in the lamentable explosion which occurred on the Princeton frigate. The President and a number of his guests were aboard to witness the test of a new gun called the "Peacemaker." The gun burst, killing Secretary

Upshur, Secretary Gilmer, Mr. Gardiner and several others. The marriage was a very happy one. Mrs. Tyler was still a young and beautiful woman when I first remember her. Her life with Mr. Tyler was a perpetual love affair, and she bore him a number of children. She was a charming woman and an excellent politician. She survived him many years, and when, long after the war, the proposition to pension Mrs. Garfield came up, she had the sense and influence to insist that the bill should be made to include herself as the widow of President Tyler, as well as Mrs. Garfield. So that she had in her old age, thanks be to God and her own ability, a comfortable provision.

My father and Mr. Tyler had many jokes together over the latter's marriage, one of which never failed to make Mr. Tyler roar and turn red in the face and wipe his eyes with his handkerchief, with protestations that "Wise" had told it until he believed it. It was this. Mr. Tyler had lived a cheerless, solitary life in the White House until his love affair with Miss Gardiner. One day, shortly before my father's departure for Brazil, the President invited him to drive with him, and after a good deal of circumlocution confessed that he had won the affections of Miss Julia Gardiner and expected to marry her. He sought my father's opinion, for it was too late for advice. Having heard his story, told with all the ludicrousness of

the proverbial "old fool the biggest fool in the world," my father told him the following story, of which Mr. John Y. Mason was the sponsor.

An old gentleman in south-side Virginia called his house servant Toney into conference about his proposed marriage to a young girl. "She's too young for you, Marster," was his blunt reply. "Nonsense," said the master indignantly; "I'm not too old for any young girl, Toney, I'm in my prime." "Yes, sir," responded Toney, "I knows you is in *yo' prime*. But dat aint de question. When she is in *her prime*, whar *will yo' prime be?*"

This suggestive anecdote did not deter Mr. Tyler. He was married to Miss Gardiner soon afterward. A kind Providence spared him and his beautiful young wife to each other for seventeen years of singularly happy married life, something over half of which had gone by when I first saw them. He was then very proud of her, and they were as devoted to each other as young lovers.

Mr. Peachy greatly enjoyed describing a visit which he once made to Mr. Tyler in the White House before his marriage when the battle with the Senate was fiercest. The animosity of Congress against Tyler was so intense that it even descended to the meanness of refusing to vote appropriations for repairs or furnishings for the White House, and the place was actually shabby.

Mr. Tyler was the last man on earth to feel any resentment at this. In his simple life it made

no difference to him whether the place was gilded or tarnished. He cared nothing for display, and, while he waged his war with undismayed courage against overwhelming odds, it left little trace upon the sweetness of his disposition. Mr. Peachy sent up his card one morning, fearing he might disturb the President in his busy work. A messenger promptly returned and ushered him without ceremony into the presence of the President. He found him immersed in a great mass of papers and documents, with clerks and scriveners and what not, preparing answers to unfriendly Congressional inquiries. Mr. Tyler, as soon as he saw him enter, dropped his work, advanced toward him with a bright welcome, and extended both hands. Seeing how busy he was, Mr. Peachy insisted that he had merely called to pay his respects, and would withdraw. "No, no, no," remonstrated the President. "The face of a friend from home is a sight for sore eyes, Peachy. I will not let you go." So they had a few words together. But Peachy, who was himself a busy Chancery practitioner, knew what interruptions like this meant, and at last succeeded in retiring, under solemn promise to return and dine with Mr. Tyler.

At the hour appointed he was ushered unceremoniously into the same room and found the President still up to his eyes in work. "Sit down, sit down," said he cheerily. "All will soon

be through." It was perhaps half an hour before the President, in his characteristic kindly way, dismissed his assistants, and turning to Peachy with the air of a boy let out from school exclaimed, "Now, Peachy, work is done and we'll have a good time together for the remainder of the day."

Truth is Mr. Tyler cared nothing himself for eating and drinking. Politics he loved, and in them he found his meat and drink. His food was the merest unimportant incident in existence, and anything which allayed hunger and supplied sustenance satisfied him. This was so well known to his servants that they made little provision for him when he was alone.

So engrossed had he been that day that, after Peachy's morning visit, he went straight back to work and forgot all about dinner until his guest reappeared. The President summoned his butler to inquire about dinner. That faithful servitor, who had accompanied him from his home, promptly appeared, bowing deferentially. "Well, Cæsar," said the President, "we are ready for dinner now. You may serve it as soon as you are ready. Mr. Peachy is to dine with us. I hope you have something nice."

The butler stood aghast. After much hesitation he said: "I is very sorry to tell you, Mr. President, but dar ain't nuthin' in Gawd's worl' to eat fur dinner, but dat ole ham bone you bin peckin' on fur a week, an' some turnip salad I

picked up in market a thinkin' to tempt you wid it to-day. You never tole me nuthin' about company comin', an' I has so often fixed up nice vittles fur you an' seen you leave 'em ontouched on de table, or not come to eat 'em at all, dat I has kinder give up tryin', and now you has caught me nappin' sure 'nuff."

For a moment the President appeared sadly mortified and embarrassed. But Peachy knew him so well, and the situation was so characteristic, that he enjoyed his discomfiture; and the President himself, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, joined in the laughter at his own expense, and led him to the dining room to make the best of their poverty-stricken repast. "Thank Heaven it was you," said Tyler, as he saw the scant fare. "It might have been somebody else, and then it would have been worse."

During the meal of ham and turnip greens a happy thought occurred to the President. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Peachy, to atone for this wretched entertainment," said he. "We will send for the keys of the White House cellars, and you shall go there yourself and take your choice." It was no sooner said than done. Peachy knew good wine and loved it dearly. Accompanied by the butler the two were soon rummaging the dust-covered bottles in the Presidential cellars, and, according to Mr. Peachy's account, he never had such a frolic in his life. Smacking his lips,

with the memory of that afternoon's entertainment fresh in his mind, he declared that it was the only time in his life when he had more good liquor than he could drink and not as many people as he wanted to divide with him. Mr. Tyler was very abstemious, cared no more for wine than for water, and only took enough to keep him in countenance.

I am not sure, but I have the impression that on the steamboat, on the occasion described in the opening of this chapter, I heard the ex-President and my father making merry over the way in which the former had turned the tables upon some people in Charles City County. At any rate I heard them discuss the matter on several occasions.

After his retirement from the Presidency Mr. Tyler resided at a place called "Sherwood Forest" in Charles City County. It was a county in which the roads were notoriously bad. One day the ex-President received an appointment as "Overseer of the Roads." It was said that it was made to humiliate him, and to express the opinion of the Whig source from which it came, that it was better fitted to his talents and capacities than the position from which he had retired.

Be this as it may, Mr. Tyler did not take offence. On the contrary, he accepted the place, and instead of neglecting his duties, or performing them in a perfunctory way as his predecessor

had done, he went sturdily to work, invoked all the powers of compulsion which the road laws gave him, and before he was done with the work made whoever was responsible for his appointment heartily sick of the opportunity given him. He did his work so well that the roads in his district, from having been the worst became the very best in the county, and were the models upon which others were thereafter constructed.

In the remaining years of his life, spent in Charles City, the ex-President by his blameless life so endeared himself to all the people as neighbour, friend and citizen that he had no enemies when he died. But traces of the bitter controversy between Mr. Tyler and the Whig party lingered many years.

When my father returned from Brazil, in the summer of 1847, Mr. Tyler had been in retirement for over two years and my grandfather had declined further re-election to Congress. During all my father's residence abroad Mr. Sergeant drew his salary for him, honoured his drafts, and generally managed his financial matters. On their return my father and mother, with their three children, two of whom had been born while they were in Brazil, naturally visited Mr. Sergeant at his home in Philadelphia. The old house still stands in South Fourth Street. In those days it was a grand structure. Mr. Sergeant built it from the current income from his practice. It

has a large frontage and consists of a four-storied house, with offices adjoining, facing on the street. The offices communicate with the house by a single door, and both buildings open upon a large yard, with stables and carriage houses in the rear. Here he lived luxuriously and practiced law for many years, but the offices were an unknown territory to his family and grandchildren except upon special occasions. Mr. Sergeant was an early riser, and long before breakfast time was in his office reading the morning papers or engaged in work. When the family assembled in the large breakfast room he would appear through the doorway leading to it from the offices, and the entire family greeted him with the utmost deference and love, amounting almost to fear.

One morning at breakfast he informed my father that after the meal was over he would be glad to see him in the office upon a matter of business. Upon arriving there the complete accounts covering the years of my father's absence in Brazil were laid before him. They were drawn up in perfect form, bound with the red tape then in vogue, accompanied by vouchers for the minutest detail and a check for the balance. An obsequious old law clerk was at hand to explain every item. While Mr. Wise examined them, Mr. Sergeant stood with his back to the fire placidly awaiting the result. Seeing that the

accounts were perfect, my father thanked him cordially for all his attention to his affairs and, the business being finished, ventured upon other conversation by suggesting, "Well, Mr. Sergeant, what of politics? You do not seem to be as much interested in them as formerly." "No, sir," said Mr. Sergeant, dryly, "I have retired from politics altogether. When you demonstrated before the world that I could not govern my own family, I thought it time to stop trying to govern the country."

Until then my father had never known how deeply he had wounded Mr. Sergeant when he raised the point of order on him on the floor of the House. He did all he could to atone for it, for he greatly admired and respected Mr. Sergeant, but the latter never forgot it or altogether forgave it. This is why I say the bitterness of the Tyler conflicts lasted long after they were over.

Away back in this chapter I began to describe the appearance of Mr. Tyler when I first saw him some years after all the happenings into a description of which my rambling pen has led me.

That day when he came upon the steamer he was the merriest and kindliest and happiest of old gentlemen. "Wise, Wise," said he, as he caught sight of my father's sunburned face and the various evidences that he had been out upon a fishing frolic, "will you never cease to be a boy?" And then he called me to him and took

me on his knee and asked me many questions about what we saw and what we did, with as much interest as if he had been a boy himself. Then he and my father fell to talking of old times. One thing Mr. Tyler said impressed me deeply. They were talking together of old times and scenes in Washington. Of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Benton. At last, gazing long and tenderly out of the steamboat windows and across the tawny waters of the James, he said:

"Yes, yes, the lions of the '40's are fast falling asleep. Few of them are left, Wise, and I am trying to fit myself to meet my summons when it comes. You are still young. But I am fast approaching man's allotted span of three score and ten." Then they changed the theme and grew merry again, and Mr. Tyler was almost boyish in his urgency that my father should leave the boat with him at his wharf and spend a few days of recreation in the company of himself and wife at Sherwood Forest.

I remember very vividly seeing Mr. and Mrs. Tyler after that in Richmond on numerous occasions when they were my father's guests, between 1856 and 1860.

Mr. Tyler was ever a most gentle, lovable and loyal old friend. In all discussions about the exciting issues of the day in politics he refused to admit or to consider that such a thing as the dissolution of the Union was possible. There

is infinite pathos in his prayer made in an address which he delivered in Baltimore shortly before the outbreak of war, that he might live and die in the faith that the Union would be preserved. To the last he struggled against its disruption. I can now almost see the old man and hear his trembling voice pleading against the madness of the hour. As late as February of 1861 he presided over the Peace Convention at Washington, which was largely the offspring of his endeavours and he never cast his lot with his State until all hope of union seemed dead. He did what every other Virginian did who had been reared to love his old State better than the younger Union, which she had helped to form, and history will justify them. But the conflict broke his heart and he died within a year. He was mercifully spared the sight of the degradation which awaited Virginia.

I am glad that I knew Mr. Tyler. He may not have been as great a man as some of his predecessors or successors, but he was as good a man as ever lived. He was a consummate politician; a man of unbending resolution; he had a tender loving heart; he was a loyal friend; a useful patriotic citizen; and a neighbour whose unfailing sympathy and soft answer could turn away the wrath of the most malignant of his foes.

FRANKLIN PIERCE

II.—FRANKLIN PIERCE.

My father was perhaps as instrumental as any other one man in securing the nomination of Mr. Pierce.

It is odd that a friend in Boston should have sent me, since I began these sketches, and without any solicitation on my part or even knowledge that he possessed them, copies of the following letters which tell the story better than I can. Colonel George, to whom the second letter is addressed, was the law partner of General Pierce. The student of those times may judge of the influence they had on Mr. Pierce by seeing the actual constitution of his cabinet. "Only" was my father's home—named after Richard Only, a former owner.

"Only," near Onancock, Accomac County, Va.,
"June 22nd, 1852.

"*My Dear Sir:* Yours of the 14th inst. found me at our Court House yesterday, fagged out almost with the trial of a laborious will case. It refreshed me as would the laving from a cool spring, and the best recompense I can return to the good heart which dictated that letter is the acknowledgment of that feeling. The man who has any heart cannot 'court the court' of public

preferment and enjoy even its highest honours. There is the bitterness of ashes in them. I can well then trust you when you profess to feel pain and anxiety as well as surprise at your nomination. It gave to me for one and to the large majority of the Virginia delegation great pleasure to tender it to you. We were first for Mr. Buchanan and complimented him with 33 ballots continuously. Penna., Virginia, N. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Missi. had voted steadily together. Portions of the Virginia and No. Carolina delegations became restive against persisting longer for one man. Penna. invited Virginia to a conference. Virginia extended the invitation to N. Carolina, Georgia, Ala. and Missi. On Friday night the committee from these six states met in conference. We were still for Buchanan. Mason, Harris, Martin and Floyd (the latter, however, left before we came to conclusions, he being for Douglas) and myself as chairman of the Virginia Committee happened to be members of the conference and all (except Floyd) to concur. We found no difference of opinion from us among the members of the committee of the other five states. We were confident we could nominate Mr. Buchanan if these six states would persist in voting for him, but were obliged to admit to ourselves that Virginia and No. Carolina would decide to take another name or other names up before another rally could be made on that of Mr. Buchanan. We saw that the names of other gentlemen, not prominent then for the nomination, withheld votes from Mr. Buchanan, and to get the nomination for him or to nominate one of those gentlemen we would have to give

FRANKLIN PIERCE

The fourteenth president of the United States (1853-57).

each of them in turn a chance for the nomination. For whom could we go in good faith, with the chance of nominating him over our preference? We settled unanimously upon Marcy, Pierce and Butler. Each of them in turn should have a fair chance given him for the prize; if either should be nominated he was our choice, and if neither could be we were to re-rally on Mr. Buchanan and succeed by the aid of the friends of these three gentlemen named.

"Virginia was to put each in turn in nomination. Penna., Georgia and Ala. were to be the reserve corps for Mr. Buchanan unless their votes were required to make and could make a nomination of either Marcy, Pierce or Butler. The other two states, N. C. and Missi., were to vote with Virginia after the first and second ballots. And we concurred in reporting to our delegations simply that we had agreed to withdraw from Mr. Buchanan for the present and to rally on him again only when we saw that we could nominate him. This was our plan, and the question was which of the three should Virginia first name. The Virginia delegation decided first to pay a complimentary vote only to Dickinson, and Gen'l Butler's friends, supposing that your name and Marcy's would both fail, preferred that his name should be brought forward by Virginia last of the three. Marcy was rather obnoxious to Dickinson's admirers in our delegation. Harris of Page read your letter to Major Lally to our delegation, I endorsed his recommendation and you carried twelve out of fifteen districts, obtaining the whole vote of the State and the unanimous vote of my district. Thus your name was carried

before the Convention by Virginia on the 35th ballot. For seven or nine ballots you stood at 29 only. At this time I thought your name had failed and good faith required a trial of Marcy's or Butler's name. But the Penna. delegation preferred you to Marcy and requested me to hold on to you for a few ballots more. This I consented to and assisted in bringing up a part of the reserve of Mr. Buchanan, Ga. and Ala. This gave the impetus. The moment came for Penna. to decide the struggle and I gave her the sign, as I was to do, when Virginia called on her for her vote for the man of the Granite Democracy. She came faithfully up into line and there was then a rush not to be hindmost. Thus you received the nomination. The Wednesday before, early in the morning, your friend French (quondam Clerk H. Reps) and my friend Cushing called on me to present your name for my consideration. It was singular that I had supported the lamented Polk when I had not spoken to him for many years, in 1844. Now I might be called on to support you who had not exchanged a smile nor a friendly greeting with me from 1839, owing to an event no less deplored by me than by yourself, not on account of consequences to me but to others. I had my own self approval, that was enough. You knew not my justification, my part was wholly distorted to your vision. You were a friend to the unfortunate enemy of my friend. I could well imagine why you could not take my hand until 'time should clear up the cloud that then hung heavy over the heaven of our hearts.' I had never felt unkindness to you, had not cherished it if felt, and had it been felt and cherished it

should not have been allowed to interpose in the discharge of my public duty. I so said to French. He and Cushing (who is the most sensible New England man I know) Atherton of your own State, Clifford of Maine, Thompson of Missi., Harris of Virginia and myself were, perhaps, the most efficient authors of your nomination. I take no other credit, however, than that of acting upon principle, without guile or selfishness, and forgetting every evil passion of the past, I shall support your nomination, Sir, con amore. Your letter convinces me that you have an understanding of the heart as well as of the head which has spoken kindly to my heart and it responds warmly. That is enough. If you are elected all that I shall ever ask of you will be *for our Country not for myself.*

"Yours truly, HENRY A. WISE.

"HON. F. PIERCE, Concord, N. H.

"ONLY, near ONANCOCK, Va., Dec. 11th, 1852.

"*Dear Sir:* I have been off to Richmond and Phila. and, on my return, found yours of the 5th on my table. Your letter gives me much uneasiness. I was mainly instrumental in having Mr. Pierce nominated and I had great confidence in his administrative qualities, but I tell you *flatly* that if he makes such a batch of appointments as you conjecture, he won't have the confidence of Virginia long. I myself seek nothing and *want* nothing. He may leave me out of the Cabinet and welcome and not give me leave even to decline an appointment. That shall not disturb my support of his efforts to serve the country in the least. But if he mingle one of

every faction around his council board what unity will there be? ——of New York would not be stomached here. Marcy would be, but he is obnoxious to Penna. and to the Dickinson faction at home. What then? He oughtn't to touch New York. Win her he will by the mass of subordinate patronage. Let him appoint Cushing to the State. There is not another man who could serve him as well or please us better. Let him put Hunter into the Treasury. I repeat, I want nothing, but if he goes there it must be on terms of abandoning that Douglas faction with whom I will not affiliate or compromise. Don't let him touch ——, if he does he will offend every State-rights' man in the South. In the West the last men to be touched are any of the pure Cass or Douglas stock. Bright, or some one of his men, who backed my efforts all the while for Pierce, from Indiana will alone do in that quarter. I would recommend an organization thus:

"Cushing, State, New England democracy; Hunter, Treasury, Va. democracy; Bright, P. O. North W. Dem. (not of Douglas clique); Jeff Davis, War, State Rights; Jno. Cadwalader, Atty. Gen., Penna. dem. (or some one named by Buchanan whose friends nominated Pierce); Abram Renchor, navy, S. E. dem. —— Interior, an anti-Benton man from Missouri.

"His elements are—New Eng. democracy; middle influence of Buchanan in Penn., Va., N. C., Ga., Ala. and Miss.; the State-rights of the extreme South and the wing of Cassites, the Indiana men who backed us in Convention.

"This combination will make him strong and a unit. If a Douglas man goes into that cabinet

it won't last 12 months. As for me I can paddle my own canoe. I ask no odds, and, if not satisfied, will give no quarter. I will not tolerate that Douglas faction. General Pierce ought to be informed that, before he himself could be nominated, his friends, those who adhered to Buchanan —had, in conference, to exclude three men from all contingency of nomination, and those three men were—Cass, Douglas and Sam. Houston. The men who nominated General Pierce will be sadly chagrined if now either of these men's factions is preferred for the Cabinet. The most bitter foes we had were the Douglasites. I had rather dig sweet potatoes here at home than be considered an expectant. My name has already been allowed to be battered about with that of —— and —— and such cattle until I feel it is sooty and greasy.

"Yrs. Truly, HENRY A. WISE.
"P. R. GEORGE, Esq."

The Presidential election of 1852 is the first that I remember. In another book I have described my recollection of the first announcement of the election of General Pierce. I have always been partial to men with military records, and was much impressed in the campaign of 1852 by the glorious record of the Whig candidate, General Scott. He was a magnificent looking man and his fellow-countrymen had him displayed to them in full uniform—on foot, on horseback, in battle, in bivouac and in salon.

In our home hung a picture of my father

printed in the campaign of 1840, under which was inscribed the sentiment, "The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union"; and at the age of six I found it difficult to comprehend why it was that we were called upon to hurrah for a New Hampshire man and a Democrat against General Scott, a Virginian and a Whig and a great soldier in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War. Still, without thoroughly understanding the matter, we boys soon learned to laugh at the pretentious "old fuss and feathers," as General Scott was called, and to ridicule his lugging of his "hasty plate of soup" into a Presidential campaign, and soon learned to cheer for Pierce and King as lustily as anybody.

One bright November afternoon my father took my brother and myself in his yawl named the *Constitution* to the little village of Onancock, where we received our mail. It was a mile distant, and we were soon rowed thither by two stalwart slaves. There we found a large crowd assembled at the store of Captain Stephen Hopkins, which was Democratic headquarters, and soon after our arrival there was great cheering over the news of the election of Pierce and King, which came by the mail coach. In those days our mail reached us by a stage route, which left the railroad at Wilmington, Delaware, and ran thence down through Delaware and the eastern shore of Maryland and the eastern shore of Virginia.

My father was of course called upon for a speech, and aroused great enthusiasm among his hearers by assuring them that he knew Franklin Pierce well; that he was a man of high character and great abilities; that he was sound on the slavery question, and that his election would put at rest all the issues which then threatened a disruption of the Union.

It was the first time I had ever heard a suggestion that a dissolution of the Union was possible. It disturbed me greatly, and on the way home I asked my father a great many troublesome questions about the political issues of the day. To me the Union was the greatest thing in the world. The idea that any conditions might arise under which we would not be part of it or in it was to me monstrous, for I was a citizen of the United States, not one of any particular State, having been born under the Star Spangled Banner in the empire of Brazil. I thought the United States Navy belonged to my father, because for many years he had been chairman of the Naval Committee in the House of Representatives. When our family sailed to Rio it went in the world-known frigate *Constitution*, and when it returned, bringing me with it, we came upon the *Columbia*. The United States flag had floated over me every day for the first year of my life. The United States bands had played patriotic airs every morning to wake me, and every evening

soothed me to sleep, as the sailors of the nation rocked me in their arms; so that the United States was something more than a mere abstraction to me. It was a very vivid reality, and if anybody was threatening to break it up and make a row about it I wanted to know all about it myself.

My father's devotion to the Union was just as sincere and just as deep as my own, and that afternoon he was both eloquent and enthusiastic and spared no pains to reassure me and put my fears at rest. Having heard from certain things which he said in his speech that General Scott was not "sound," and that General Pierce was "sound," my brother and I needed no further assurance, and were fully satisfied that Pierce was the right man, and that night we built a bonfire to celebrate Pierce's election.

A few months afterward my oldest brother, Jennings, bade us all a long farewell, having received at the hands of President Pierce an appointment as Secretary of Legation in the United States Consular service at Berlin. This also tended to satisfy us that General Pierce was very "sound."

A young gentleman of my age was not apt to have deep impressions or to reflect profoundly concerning the administrative acts of President Pierce; in fact the only thing that I do recall concerning him is that soon after his election his little son was killed by an accident, and this fact

was impressed upon me by the circumstance that his letters to my father were in mourning. The first and in fact the only time that I ever saw Mr. Pierce must have been either in December of 1854 or 1855 in Washington. My oldest sister, Mary, married Dr. Alexander Yelverton Peyton Garnett, a young naval surgeon, who resigned shortly after their marriage and established himself in Washington, D. C., where they lived for many years. In the autumn of 1850 my mother died, and her three little children, my brother, sister and myself, were sent each year to visit our grandparents in Philadelphia. We generally passed through Washington going and coming and spent a few days at the home of my sister, where my father picked us up and took us back with him to our home in the country.

One morning, while we were at breakfast at Doctor Garnett's, a note in mourning was handed to my father. It was from President Pierce, requesting him to come to the White House, and informing him that the bearer would show him in by a private way. Oddly enough that undated note has been preserved through all the vicissitudes of after years and is still in the possession of my eldest son, in his collection of the autographs of distinguished men. My father, who had to make the rounds of the Department that morning, gave me permission to accompany him in his carriage. I was soon bundled up in my wrap and,

picking up the messenger, who was awaiting us in Doctor Garnett's office, we were quickly driven to the White House. I think we were taken to the rear entrance, and there I was left alone in the carriage for what seemed to me to be an intolerably long time. At last my father returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome gentleman. It was President Pierce.

In those primitive days the intercourse between public men was much more democratic than it is at present. I have a vague notion that the President had on this occasion sent for my father because he wished to secure the co-operation of the two Virginia Senators, Messrs. Hunter and Mason, in some public matter, and that, after discussing the subject, they had come to the conclusion that the best way to reach the Senators was to ride down to the Capitol together, find them in the Senate and confer with them in the President's room which was hard by. Be this as it may, it is certain that I had become an encumbrance and that they drove by to leave me at Doctor Garnett's before they proceeded to the Capitol.

When the President entered the carriage he gave me a very gracious recognition, and I in turn watched him very intently. He was still in mourning and seemed sad; perhaps I reminded him of his own little boy. The things about him that impressed me most were his kind bright eyes,

smooth-shaven face, sharp-pointed nose and curly hair. I do not even remember any remark which he addressed to me. He seemed preoccupied and was in earnest conversation with my father during our whole ride. I had time to note his black kid gloves and black shirt buttons before the carriage reached Doctor Garnett's; and this constitutes my inventory and appraisement of Franklin Pierce.

It has been frequently asserted of Mr. Pierce that he was not a man of great ability and that he was an accident. I remember meeting Judge Putnam of the United States Circuit Court some years ago when I was trying a case before him in Boston. We lunched together. He was from New Hampshire, and in his early days had known General Pierce very well. The case we were trying was a controversy between two electrical corporations involving their respective rights of user of electrical currents in the highway, which interfered with each other. The Judge was pleased to remark that it was a subject with which I seemed to be very familiar, and I replied that I ought to be familiar with the subject as I had argued the same question in twenty-seven States of the Union and in England. Judge Putnam was disposed to be facetious and replied, "Take care that somebody doesn't say of you what old Deacon —— said of Frank Pierce." I asked him to tell me the story, which he did, as follows:

"Mr. Pierce was a popular man in New Hampshire but he was never regarded as a very able man. The news of his nomination to the Presidency was a great surprise to the community in which he lived. Old Deacon —— had known Mr. Pierce all his life. When he heard of his nomination for the Presidency he exclaimed, 'Wall, wall, dew tell! Frank Pierce for President! Neow Frank's a good fellow, I admit, and I wish him well; he made a good State's attorney, thar's no doubt about that, and he made a far Jedge, thar's no denying that, and nobody kaint complain of him as a Congressman, but when it comes to the hull Yewnited States I dew say that in my jedgment Frank Pierce is a-goin' to *spread durned thin*.'"

I laughed heartily at the anecdote, but told the Judge I didn't know whether it bore harder upon Mr. Pierce or upon myself.

Notwithstanding this uncomplimentary estimate of his old neighbour, history will give President Pierce a very respectable place among our chief magistrates. He was called to office in a perilous and trying period. It was a time which demanded fearlessness and caution and repression, and he performed his hard task well and faithfully and patriotically. He was thoroughly acceptable to those whose votes elected him. It is true that he was often reproached for leaning too strongly to his Southern supporters, but why should he not

have done so? They nominated him and supported him in opposition to a Southern man. They were unquestionably the dominant influence in the national politics of that day. All that he was he owed to them. His loyalty to their views, so long as he and they kept within the bounds of constitutional propriety, was both natural and right.

One of the most attractive accounts of the personal characteristics of President Pierce is to be found in a book recently published by Mrs. Clay, the widow of Senator Clay of Alabama. It is particularly attractive in its description of the social life at that time in the Federal Capital, and I cordially recommend it to everyone who is interested in the subject.

JAMES BUCHANAN

III.—JAMES BUCHANAN

It requires a vigorous appeal to memory to cast back to the time when Pennsylvania was in the column of staunch Democratic States, yet such she was when I first remember her.

My uncle, William Sergeant, was a Democratic member of the Lower House in the Pennsylvania Legislature from the City of Philadelphia when I was a small boy. I remember his leading me by the hand through the streets of Philadelphia, from one bulletin board to the other, when the returns were coming in which announced the election of William F. Packer, Democratic Governor of the State, and in the Presidential election of 1856 the Keystone State went with a whoop for Buchanan and Breckenridge, or "Buck and Breck," as they were called in the political lingo of the day.

A long friendship had existed between Mr. Buchanan and my father, who was again a potent factor in the Democratic National Convention which nominated Mr. Buchanan.

My grandfather Sergeant died in 1852 and my uncle, who was very much attached to my father, had fallen from the Whig faith and become an ardent follower and supporter of Democracy.

Many of the letters which passed between Mr. Buchanan and my father are still in my possession, and show how very grateful and appreciative the kind old gentleman was of my father's efforts in his behalf. In more than one of them he declared that he regarded his nomination as more due to the advocacy of my father than to any other one man in the United States.

The Presidential campaign of 1856 was, if I mistake not, the first in which political cartoons figured extensively. The news-stands and windows of book stores were filled with them, and they were a delight to the small boy. It was a primitive, but amusing and no doubt effective, form of campaigning resorted to by all the parties. There were Buchanan and Breckenridge cartoons and Filmore and Donaldson cartoons and Fremont and Dayton cartoons. As a class they were very poor specimens of drawing and of wit. They were cheap lithographs representing all sorts of birds and animals with poor likenesses of the candidate for their heads. There was generally in the background a picture of the White House or something else suggestive of the Presidential chair. Great streamers came out of the mouths of the caricatures, and on those streamers were recorded feeble efforts at wit which the various actors were supposed to perpetrate. Mr. Buchanan was always represented as a buck. In the Democratic cartoons he was

JAMES BUCHANAN (IN CENTRE)

The fifteenth president of the United States (1857-61). Beginning at the left, the other men are: Jacob Thompson, Lewis Cass, Jno. B. Floyd, Howell Cobb, Isaac Toucey, Joseph Holt, and Jeremiah Black.

portrayed running for the White House in the background and distancing all competitors. "Breck" not infrequently appeared upon "Buck's" back riding him in a winning race. In the opposition cartoons "Buck" was frequently represented as having been shot by the opposition candidate. Sometimes he was strung up and in process of being skinned. The supposed abolition tendencies in early life of Mr. Breckenridge were made the subject of great ridicule and comment by his political opponents. I remember that one of the cartoons represented Uncle Sam playing the banjo and singing a parody upon "John Anderson, My Joe, John." It began:

> "John Breckenridge, my Joe John,
> When we were first aquaint,
> You were an Abolitionist,
> And now you say you ain't."

Fremont was often exhibited riding upon a "woolly horse," which was declared to be the only thing he had discovered in his boasted Rocky Mountain explorations. In one of these seated behind him was his wife, the daughter of Senator Benton, with whom he eloped.

Mr. Filmore was represented as an Abolitionist walking arm in arm with a negro woman; and so on and so on.

In all these pictures everybody was represented as doing a wonderful amount of talking, which

either consisted of bragging about what he was going to do, or what he had done, or in ridiculing something which his opponents had done or proposed.

At this time my father was Governor and we lived in Richmond. Richmond was a Whig know-nothing town by an overwhelming majority. By far the most brilliant campaigners of the place were the advocates of Filmore and Donaldson and the American party. Mr. Fremont had no following in Virginia.

These witty and aggressive speakers delighted in lampooning and ridiculing my father, and their boys and the sons of their followers were delighted whenever they had a chance to try conclusions with the little Democratic boys. The boys of Richmond have always been notoriously bad boys, and nothing gave the little Whig and Know-nothing boys more pleasure at that time than trying to lick the Democratic Governor's sons. Sometimes they did; and sometimes they didn't. But there was work enough to keep all of us busy.

After Mr. Buchanan's election my father, at his request, paid him a visit at his home "Wheatland" at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Mr. Buchanan offered him a place in his cabinet, but he declined to accept it, preferring the position which he held.

By this time I was old enough to comprehend something of such matters, and I remember how

interested I was, sitting in my father's office and hearing him describe to his visitors the domestic life of Mr. Buchanan at "Wheatland." It must have been strangely in contrast with his mode of living at the Court of St. James's while he was Minister to England. My father was a very vivid raconteur, and from his descriptions of social life at Lancaster in those days it must have been a most primitive democracy. The neighbouring population was Dutch. Everybody called everybody else by his first name. Mr. Buchanan was universally referred to and addressed by his neighbours and friends as Jaimie Buchanan. They drove up to his house in their wagons and carts or more pretentious vehicles, tied their animals to the trees or fences in the yard, walked right into his house in their humble farm clothes, many of them delivering him presents of apples, pumpkins, chestnuts, cider or cheese, or whatever tokens of their loyalty and friendship they possessed, and made themselves at home, stayed as long as they saw fit, talked to their host in the most familiar way, and when their curiosity or their friendly interest was satisfied took their departure and bade Jaimie farewell most affectionately.

Mr. Buchanan understood them fully, prized their devotion sincerely, even if it was rough, and adapted himself studiously to their simplicity and neighbourly kindness.

But that sort of social freedom gave him very little opportunity for the consultations of statesmanship, as his house was overrun morning, noon and night with the free and easy citizens of the Conestoga Valley. But when it came to his residence in Washington nobody who ever occupied the White House presided over it with more dignity or in a style more courtly and befitting a President than did Mr. Buchanan. He was a bachelor. His favourite niece, Miss Harriet Lane, was a handsome, charming, accomplished woman. She had been the mistress of his home while he was in England, I think, and at any rate presided over the White House as mistress of ceremonies during his Presidential term, and was universally popular.

About the middle of Mr. Buchanan's term my brother Jennings returned to America after four or five years absence as Secretary of Legation, first at Berlin with Mr. Peter D. Vroom of New Jersey, and afterward in Paris with Mr. John Y. Mason of Virginia. I think he had known Miss Lane abroad. At any rate, after his return they became warm friends. The newspaper gossip of the day even went so far as to publish hints that there was an affair between them, but I have no idea there was any real foundation for the report. They were simply two delightful young persons whose tastes were congenial and whose long residence abroad and experience in public

MISS HARRIET LANE
Mistress of the White House, 1857-61.

society made their companionship agreeable to each other. Nevertheless, my brother was always enthusiastic about Miss Lane and referred to her in terms of unbounded admiration and respect. Long after the war, and years after my brother's death, I remember hearing that Miss Lane, who had by that time become Mrs. Johnson, spoke of him in the most affectionate and admiring way.

I can testify to the hospitality and courtliness of Mr. Buchanan, although the presence of Miss Lane was not deemed necessary upon the occasion of my visit. I think it was in the winter of 1857 that I paid my first formal visit to the White House. I had been upon my usual annual visit to Philadelphia, and my uncle, William Sergeant, accompanied us back to Richmond. Although not strictly germane to the subject, it will interest the reader to hear about the method of travel at that time, which was not much like it is at present. In order to reach the depot in Philadelphia it was necessary that we should ride in a carriage a long distance from Fourth Street to the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot at Broad and Prime streets, for there were no street cars as at present. There we took the cars and went by rail to Perryville. At Perryville we left the train and went down what seemed to be an interminable and steep stairway to a ferryboat. We crossed the Susquehanna River on this ferryboat to Havre de Grace, and

from that climbed up another steep and almost interminable stairway to a train which bore us to Baltimore. Upon our arrival at Calvert Street station in Baltimore our engine was detached, and the train was hauled through the streets of Baltimore by a long line of horses with bells on them to Camden Street station. There another engine awaited us which hauled us to the President Street station in Washington, whence we were taken in an omnibus half as long as a car to a hotel, where we spent the night. Early the next morning the same omnibus carted us a long distance to a point near the Navy Yard in Washington, where we boarded a steamer for Acquia Creek. We reached that place about ten o'clock and there took a train on the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad for Richmond, which latter place we reached about the same hour at which we left Philadelphia the day before. Sleeping cars were in those days unknown; there was no through traffic and very few night trains. We stopped for a day of rest in Washington, and my uncle informed us we were all to call upon the President the next morning. That was a great event. Upon our appearance at the White House Mr. Buchanan received us most cordially. He was an imposing looking old gentleman, tall and of large frame, dressed in spotless black, with a high white stock. His coat was cut something like the dress suits of the present day

but with fuller skirts. His hair was white, close cut, and stood straight up from his head. His complexion was pink and healthy looking. He carried his head on one side as if he had a stiff neck, and the thing about him which was most surprising to me was that one of his eyes was dark hazel and the other light blue. I fear the dear old gentleman must have observed the intentness with which I scrutinised this last phenomenon, for at that time it was a new one to me.

After greeting Mr. Sergeant most cordially the President turned to us and our Irish nurse and said in the kindest way, "So these are the children of Governor Wise, are they? I am glad to see you, children. Your papa is a very dear friend of mine."

"Second crop, Mr. President," said my uncle facetiously, for he was an irrepressible wit and wag. "Yes, I know," said Mr. Buchanan smiling; "they are the children of his second wife, who was your sister. I met his son by his first marriage several times when I was abroad. Well, now, children, what can I do to make you happy while I talk with your uncle. Let us see." Thereupon he rang a little bell beside him and summoned one of the attendants, and upon his appearance bade him take us to the greenhouse and show us the pretty things there and give us what flowers we wanted, and when we were sufficiently amused

bring us back to luncheon in half an hour. He was arranging so that he might in the meanwhile inquire about his Pennsylvania "fences" from my uncle, who was one of his trusted friends in that State.

In due time we reappeared and were seated as distinguished guests in the dining room at a fine luncheon. We had all the bread and butter and jam and hot-house grapes that our hearts could desire. "Old Buck," who, even if he had no children of his own, knew mighty well how to entertain the young hopefuls of his constituents, came in before we finished our repast, smiled at us and inquired if we were being taken care of, asked us many pleasant questions, and finally bade us good-bye with kindly messages for home. I think he gave each of us a photograph of himself, but mine went into the seething vortex of war losses when our home and all its contents fell into the hands of the Union troops in 1862. So that even if Miss Harriet Lane did look upon us as beneath her dignity, we left the White House ready to support "Old Buck" for a second term, if he wanted it.

Upon reaching Richmond my uncle amused my father with his accounts of our raid upon the White House and of the dexterity of good old President Buchanan in dealing with a class of guests with whom he was not very familiar.

Poor old President Buchanan. Times like those upon which he fell are not suited to a man of

seventy. Whatever he may have been in his younger days, the great crisis which he was called upon to confront found him a weak, vacillating, hysterical old man, with whom everybody, friend and foe alike, at last lost patience.

I remember an anecdote resorted to by my father to emphasize Mr. Buchanan's indecision, which made a deep impression upon me when I heard it. Something came up in the winter of 1860–1, concerning which it was thought that, if the President acted promptly, his ruling would be decisive. Some person said, "Will not the President act? He has it in his power to settle it at once, if he will but take a decided stand. His duty is too plain for discussion. Cannot you, as his friend, Governor Wise, induce him to do what is right?"

"Bah!" said my father contemptuously. "You do not know Mr. Buchanan or you would not expect him to take decided ground about anything. He reminds me of a discussion I heard between two of my darkies about the Christian religion. One of them planted himself upon a proposition which the other was unwilling to deny and yet equally unwilling to admit. The proposer, seeing his advantage, addressed his adversary with the inquiry: 'Is what I say so, or not so?' His antagonist hesitated, scratched his head, and at last exclaimed, 'Well, Joshua, if I must answer you, dis is what I have to say. I

say dat what you says may be sort of so, but at de same time it is sort of not so, and de more I thinks of what you say de more I believe it is a leetle more sort of not so dan it is sort of so.'

"And that," added my father, "is the attitude of the poor old fellow upon every question which now comes up before him. He is simply paralysed by the immensity of the issues and the perils of the hour."

Mr. Buchanan lived until 1868, and died at the age of seventy-seven, but during the three years after the war ended I am sure that no communication passed between my father and his old friend.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

IV.—JEFFERSON DAVIS

The reader must now accompany me for a little while to a region outside the United States, for shortly after the expiration of the term of Mr. Buchanan I took up my residence for four years in a foreign country, viz., The Confederate States of America.

Mr. Lincoln never acquiesced in this view and insisted that he was my President, nor did I ever have a chance to discuss it with him personally. The logic of events had about convinced me that I could not make my contention good, however sound it might be in theory, when Mr. Lincoln fell beneath the hand of the assassin.

I was fourteen years old when the great Civil War broke out. Regarding my age when it ended, I was much in the condition of a little darkey on a Virginia plantation. He opened the farm gate for a visitor to his master, and scrambled up behind on the vehicle to ride to the great house. The visitor, impressed by his bright face and general precocity, looked back at him and said, "You are a bright little chap, my boy. How old are you?"

Grinning from ear to ear, the boy replied, "I dunno, sir, 'xactly how old I is. Mammy says I

ean't but fo-teen. But by de fun I is had I 'spec I must be 'bout twenty-five!"

Whether my experiences during the four years in which the war lasted be called fun or something else, they brought with them a grim realisation of life's seriousness, and I developed more rapidly during that time than in any like period of my existence.

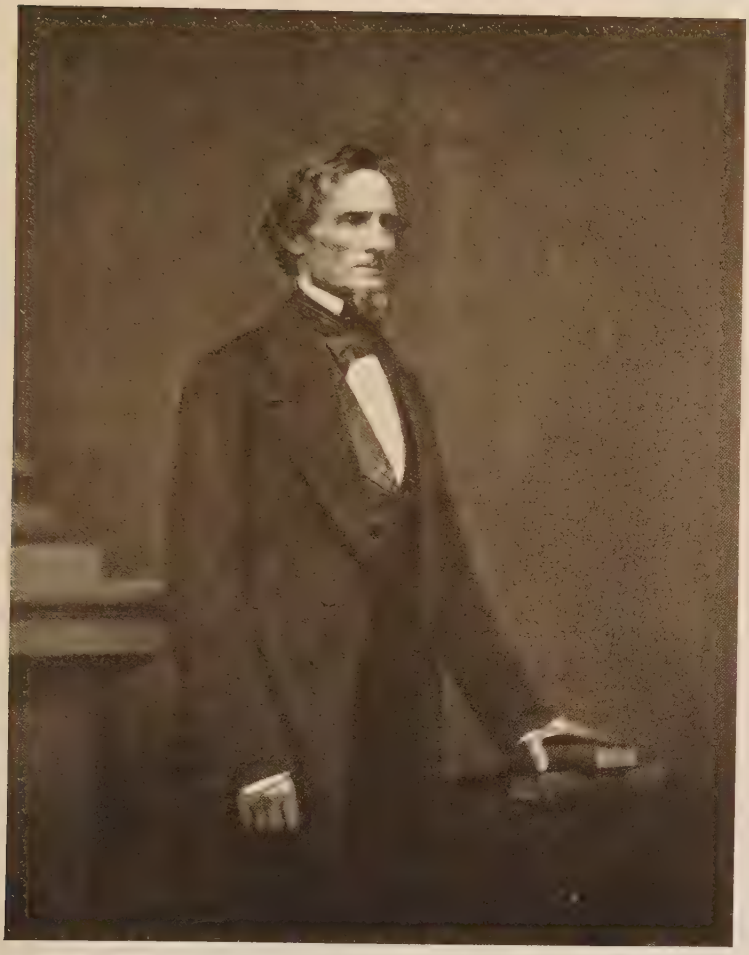
I was "possessed" by Mr. Jefferson Davis, but "obsessed" by Mr. Abraham Lincoln. The reader will please observe the appropriateness of this description.

The word obsess is a comparatively new one. One cannot find it in the dictionaries of the Confederate period, but I like it because it expresses a condition. Funk & Wagnall define obsession as a "condition of being vexed by a spirit from the outside." See how it fits.

If Mr. Lincoln had really been what my youthful fancy pictured him the term would suit my case all the better, for the lexicographers declare that it applies "more particularly to evil spirits," and that surely was what I considered him then.

Among the people with whom I was reared the Northern people were believed to be the aggressors and the Southern people thought they were acting purely on the defensive. I believed that as religiously as I ever believed anything.

We regarded the election of Mr. Lincoln as simply registering the purpose of the people in the



JEFFERSON DAVIS

The first and only president of the Confederacy (1861-65).

Northern and Western States to disregard every Constitutional guaranty to the Southern States and to overthrow the institution of slavery by fair means or by foul. The people among whom I was reared were not zealous advocates of slavery. On the contrary, they looked upon it as an inherited evil, about which they were constantly debating methods by which it might be ultimately abolished. As for myself, I think my New England and Puritan blood must have been asserting itself, for, as far as a boy of my age may be said to have had any views upon a subject of that gravity, mine were such that even had the war not occurred I believe I would have grown up an Abolitionist. Moreover, unless I grossly misapprehended the sentiments of older people, I believe Virginia would of her own volition have abolished slavery in a very short time but for outside interference.

But the argument of that time was that the North was unjustifiably and impertinently intruding and interfering in a matter with which it had nothing to do, in utter disregard of Constitutional limitations, and that if it might do this it might do the same thing concerning other matters until the South was at its mercy.

It was further argued that, as the Northern and Southern views of the interpretation of the Constitution had been from the first radically and irreconcilably in conflict, the South ought to

withdraw from the Union, else it would be completely dominated by the North.

That was unquestionably the plea upon which the greater part of the Southern people were induced to give up a love for the Union and ultimately to favour secession.

But slavery was at the bottom of the trouble, no matter who may delude himself to the contrary.

Children are among the keenest of listeners and closest of observers. They are, too, as apt as anybody to see and hear the real underlying motives of great controversies, the good as well as the bad, even when older people seek to veil them beneath sophistries.

The political leaders of the South must have been intensely inflamed and in deadly earnest against the North. I do not remember that in all the discussions I heard preceding the war I ever heard any Southern man concede to the Republican party or its leaders any broad or patriotic purpose or any conciliatory feeling toward the South. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Wade, Greeley—in fact, all the Republican leaders—were denounced as South-haters who at heart rejoiced even at the lunatic blood-thirstiness of John Brown, and as men who would, if they dared to do so, incite and encourage servile insurrection, murder and rapine to accomplish the destruction of slavery, regardless of the terror or suffering which might be inflicted thereby upon their white brethren in the Southern States.

The Southern masses had unquestionably been wrought up to this belief when they voted in favour of their respective States seceding from the Union. So believing, they were fully justified in making the effort.

It is easy to say that the South was in the wrong, and, admitting it, it does not wipe out the fact that the Northern people themselves were far from blameless in that they countenanced and even encouraged the doing and the saying of many things in public and in private which gave colour to the popular apprehensions in the South.

For this reason I have never felt called upon to defend my section for attempting to secede. The South may have been as arrogant and domineering as Northern writers represent her, but there was enough of arrogance and bad blood in the North to make Southern men desire to dissolve political partnership with her. The right to secede was always a debatable one, with the preponderance of logic favouring the abstract right, and sentiment, rhetoric, eloquence and the hope of National greatness all opposed.

It is all easy enough now to see that the Nation is greater and more prosperous than either could possibly have been if two nations had been formed from it. But much of its greatness is the result of the great war, and it would not have achieved it if the war had not happened. It is easy, too, to moralise now about the way in which

the conflict might have been avoided but for the ambitious designs of this man or that, or this set of men or that. Undoubtedly it might have been avoided if men had been angels. But the quarreling over the things that led to the war had gone on so long and had been so acrimonious that a good blood-letting was the only way to put an end to it. When at last the fight did come, and the North proceeded to coerce the South, the attitude of the Northern man who sided with the South was not a whit more peculiar or unnatural than that of the Southerner who sided with the North. It required a great deal more of explanation to justify the action of such than it did to justify those who maintained their natural affiliations.

Unquestionably there were good men from both sections who adhered to the cause of the opposite section. But there were not many of that kind on either side. As a class those who took sides against their own section were a sorry lot, both North and South, and both sides know it, whether they confess the fact or not.

For myself I am glad I sided with the South. I do not mean to imply by this that, after all, things did not turn out for the best. But the Southern side was mine, naturally, and I would rather have been whipped fighting for and with my friends than have aided in such a bitter and blood-thirsty struggle against them. In after

years I became identified with a political party which is opposed by the great mass of my old Confederate comrades. But that is quite a different matter. It is not like fighting them and shedding their blood.

It only means that concerning political policies and current events I believe that I have more common sense than they have. They do not think so now, but the time will come when they will find out that I was in the right and they were in the wrong. But quarrel as we may about the things of the present, they cannot deny my Confederate brotherhood with them, nor can they rob me, if in their wrath they would attempt it, of the pride I have in the fact that I was a Confederate soldier. Whatever else we may have lost in that struggle, we gave the world Robert E. Lee, and he led an army with a record of valour that will preserve its memory as long as the world counts courage and self-sacrifice among the noblest traits of men.

So let not my reader expect to hear from me any explanations or regrets about my having been a so-called Rebel. That is just what I was, and while I do not want to flaunt the fact offensively in the face of anybody who felt differently, I must admit that to this day I am proud of my record as a follower of Lee.

All that was a long time ago, and those who felt most bitterly about it are now reconciled,

but there is one exception to the general amnesty of the Northern mind which I cannot for the life of me understand, and that is why, when the Northern people seem to have forgiven all other Confederates, they still in some indefinable way and for some inexplicable reason cherish a grudge against Mr. Davis, as if he were called upon to make vicarious atonement for the sins of all the rest of us. What did he do that keeps him without the pale of Northern charity? He certainly was not so pre-eminently great that he led his people against their will. He was not so popular that he might mislead them. He was neither so good that he did the North unusual damage, nor so bad that he excited their special vengeance. Their attitude toward him only excites sympathy among his old comrades, with whom he was never a favourite, and makes a soft place for him in the heart of every ex-Confederate.

Mr. Davis was never a particular friend to me or mine. I never believed he was a very great man, or even the best President the Confederate States might have had. But he was our President. Whatever shortcomings he may have had, he was a brave, conscientious and loyal son of the South. He did his best, to the utmost of his ability, for the Southern cause. He, without being a whit worse than the rest of us, was made to suffer for us as was no other man in the Confederacy. And through it all he never, to the day of his death,

failed to maintain the honour and the dignity of the trust confided to his keeping.

Yet the North seems not to have forgiven him. For that very reason I cherish his memory with peculiar tenderness. After forty years of renewed loyalty to our re-united country, in which I have battled for the acceptance in good faith by the Southern people of the results of the war; after seeing, with loyal pride, my sons bearing to victory the flag against which I fought, I feel that I have a right to stand up anywhere and demand for the memory of Jefferson Davis just as much kindness, just as much charity and just as much forgiveness as is accorded to the memories of Lee or Johnston or any of the great Confederate heroes. I believe that his courageous and constant soul is at rest in a heaven somewhere provided for brave and loyal spirits whose reward does not depend upon success, or even upon whether they were in fact right or wrong, but upon their having striven in this world for what they believed was right according to the power God gave them to see the right. And that is what I believe Mr. Davis did.

The first time I ever saw him was in the summer of 1862, after the battle of Seven Pines and before the seven days' battles around Richmond.

In 1861 the Third Alabama Regiment was encamped near our home, "Rolleston," near Norfolk. Taken altogether, it was the finest regiment

I ever saw. When Norfolk was evacuated in the spring of 1862 all the Confederate troops there assembled, including this regiment under the command of General Huger, were transferred to the command of General Joseph E. Johnston on the peninsula between the York and the James.

The brigade of which the Third Alabama formed a part was hotly engaged in the battle of Seven Pines, and the Third bore the brunt of the fighting. By one of those blundering assaults so common in the early stages of the war the Colonel, Tenant Lomax, and many other officers and men who were our personal friends were killed.

Being in Richmond in June, 1862, and learning that the Third Alabama held a point on our line where it crossed the nine-mile road, I rode down there one afternoon to look after a number of old friends. The change in the appearance of the camp and men from what they were in their princely quarters in the entrenched camp at Norfolk was sad enough.

McClellan's army was at that time east and north of Richmond, divided by the Chickahominy. That stream runs parallel to the James, about four miles north of the City of Richmond. The land lying between the two streams is a high plateau, which terminates in a sharp decline into the valley of the Chickahominy. Beyond the Chickahominy the land rises again into a series of hills. On the crest of one of those hills a mile

beyond the Chickahominy stands the little village of Mechanicsville, with a straight broad turnpike running southward from it across the stream to Richmond, five miles distant. From the hills about Mechanicsville, and even from the village itself, the spires of Richmond are plainly visible. The left wing of McClellan's army, under Generals Keyes and Heintzelman, was fortified east of Richmond and south of the Chickahominy. His right wing, under Fitz John Porter, crossed the Chickahominy, pressed forward beyond the left wing and occupied Mechanicsville, facing southward. The hills on the Richmond side of the stream were strongly fortified by the Confederates, while those on the Mechanicsville side swarmed with Federal soldiery. In the valley between the two armies, along the borders of the sluggish stream, was a heavily wooded swamp, half a mile wide, which rendered it impossible for either army to attack the other save by certain bridges and causeways across the stream located at long distances from each other. But the opposing forces were plainly visible to each other over the treetops in the swamp, and the distance between the crests of the hills does not exceed a mile or a mile and a half. The combatants frequently engaged in artillery duels from these hill crests. Attracted by the sounds of the firing as I was returning from my visit to the Alabama regiment, I rode with a party of friends to Strawberry Hill, the home

of a Mr. Edmunds, and witnessed one of these beautiful contests. Our battery was commanded by the late Lindsay Walker, afterward a Brigadier-General of Artillery. A Federal battery of six guns was in position upon a hill to the west of the woods at Mechanicsville. A military balloon swung high above those woods, and we could see the signal men wig-wagging the effects of the Federal shots. The men serving the Union guns looked like little black ants moving about upon the hillside. We could see their flags planted near the battery. While no infantry supports were in sight, the numbers of men watching at different points were sufficient to satisfy anyone that there were camps a-plenty behind the hills. The Federal guns seemed to be of much longer range than ours, but our marksmanship was far the best. Their rifled shells came high over our battery with a vicious scream, and went half a mile or more beyond, while our shots seldom carried over the hilltops. Several of our shells seemed to burst right in the Federal battery, but, so far as we could see, hurt nobody.

A large party of Federals, apparently a general officer and his staff, appeared at a point of observation. Walker turned one of his guns upon them, and the shot was so well directed that our men stood on the breast works and cheered as the party galloped away. Another discharge of Federal shells made our men scramble down to cover

behind the embankment. These noisy demonstrations were harmless as a rule, but they were very inspiring to youngsters who had never seen anything of war. When we had seen enough and were about to start for home we had another treat in store for us. The evening was fine and the noise extraordinary, which had combined to bring President Davis out to the lines. We met him and his staff riding on horseback as we were returning to the city. We drew up and saluted as they passed. I had a good look at Mr. Davis. He was a striking looking man. He was well mounted and sat his horse well. He was thin and wiry looking. He had been a gallant officer in the Mexican War, and I believe he delighted in military service and prided himself upon his martial appearance. Who were with him I do not know. I did not then know and in fact, in many interviews with him afterward, never observed that Mr. Davis had lost the sight of one of his eyes. I have a vague remembrance that his handsome always courteous young secretary, Burton Harrison, was of the party. Those were the brave and hopeful days of the Confederacy, and the last we heard of him that day was the cheering in some of the camps which he was visiting.

The last time I ever saw the late Dr. Hunter McGuire, Stonewall Jackson's Medical Director and warm personal friend, he told me an incident

in the lives of Jackson and Davis which occurred about this time. It may be that Dr. McGuire has told it in some of his own writings. If so, he has doubtless told it better than I shall, for he was a charming raconteur. Our friendship extended over nearly forty years. This story illustrates the characteristics of both Mr. Davis and General Jackson so thoroughly that I shall give it, even if it has been told elsewhere, regretting that I cannot fix the precise spot at which the first part of the story was located.

Doctor McGuire said that after the hardest fighting at the first battle of Manassas, where Stonewall Jackson was wounded in the hand, he was bandaging Jackson's hand. It was on the porch of a little store at the crossing of a stream. From my knowledge of the battlefield I think it must have been where the Sudley road crosses Young's branch near the Warrenton pike. At any rate the tide of battle had then turned in favour of the Confederates, and Jackson had taken time to have his wound dressed. About the place were a large number of men awaiting their turn, most of them wounded, some of them stragglers no doubt. But Jackson knew the situation thoroughly and was not feeling alarmed about their presence. Just then a horseman in civilian's dress, greatly excited, dashed up and, reining his horse in the stream, rose in his stirrups and began an impassioned appeal to the men,

begging them not to give up the fight; assuring them that they were not whipped; that the enemy was in retreat; and that if they would not act like cowards and cravens victory was assured. He then proclaimed himself to be President Davis. It seems that Mr. Davis, having arrived upon the field and hearing of the reverses of the morning but not of our subsequent successes, had dashed forward and, seeing this throng of apparent stragglers, was seeking to rally them and induce them to return to battle. Doctor McGuire said that neither he nor General Jackson had ever seen Mr. Davis before, and that he had no idea who he was until he announced himself. But he made that announcement too late to influence General Jackson's action. Upon hearing Mr. Davis's outburst Jackson literally flung aside the bandages he was placing on his hand and, with more excitement than he ever saw him show before or afterward, advanced quickly toward Davis saying, "What is all this fuss about? These men are not cowards. These men are not deserters. These men are not stragglers. They are my men and are mostly wounded. We are not hard pressed. We have whipped the Yankees and the fighting is over. Who are you, sir?"

"I am President Davis, sir. Who are you?"

"I am General Jackson, sir," said Jackson, now realising the situation and saluting. Then he

calmly returned to have his wound dressed, and Mr. Davis departed for some other part of the field. Jackson was evidently very indignant at the imputation cast upon his men, and Mr. Davis evidently did not like the language or the manner of his subordinate. McGuire said that in all their subsequent intercourse Jackson never alluded to this episode but once, but it was plain to him that the grim old Presbyterian fighter was not an admirer of Davis.

Now for the sequel. McGuire said that one night, near Malvern Hill, during the seven days' battles, General Jackson asked him to accompany him to General Lee's headquarters. He had no idea what the occasion was to be, but always liked to gratify the General. Upon arriving at General Lee's headquarters they found him and General Longstreet. Lee, Longstreet and Jackson soon had out the maps and were conning them together most fraternally, discussing the best method of attack on the morrow. He said Jackson was devoted to Lee and had great confidence in Longstreet; that they were all deeply interested in the subject they were discussing and unreserved in their exchange of thoughts and suggestions. He, of course, took no part in the council, but felt gratification that the leaders of our army were so harmonious. Suddenly a commotion was heard on the outside, and a moment later President Davis appeared unannounced.

He entered smiling and said, "General Lee, you see I have followed you up. I became so anxious that I could not remain in Richmond." General Lee greeted him cordially, shook his hand and bade him welcome. Then Mr. Davis shook hands with Longstreet, whom he knew well, and turned with a look of hesitation to General Jackson, whom he did not seem to recognise. "Why, President," said General Lee, omitting the "Mister," a fact which McGuire commented upon, "Don't you know who that is? That's General Jackson. That's our Stonewall." The President evidently had not recognised General Jackson. Jackson had never been much in the East since Manassas. After Manassas he had returned to the valley and actively operated there until he was moved east by General Lee to co-operate in the attack on McClellan's flank about ten days before this meeting. Moreover he was not such an imposing figure that men thought when they looked at him "this must be a hero." On the contrary, he was anything but a fancy picture, in his old slouch hat and with his straggling beard, well-worn coat, rough cow-skin, muddy boots, and with his big awkward feet and hands. When he stood up he looked as if he was sprung in the knees. Hearing who he was, Mr. Davis's face lit with a smile of enthusiasm, imparted by the cordial reference of General Lee to Jackson's services, and apparently would have shaken his

hand. But General Jackson drew himself up into the best military attitude he could assume, gave him a formal military salute, and stood there motionless, while the smile died out on the face of Mr. Davis.

Evidently General Jackson remembered certain disagreeable correspondence which had at one time impelled him to tender his resignation, and we may be sure that Mr. Davis did not misunderstand his frigidity. Jackson went into his shell completely after Davis's arrival, and took no part in the subsequent discussions. He soon withdrew, and McGuire, on their way back to their own quarters, remarked to him, "General, I am surprised that you and Mr. Davis have not met before." "Never," was the laconic reply. Then, after a pause, Jackson added, with the quiet chuckle in which he sometimes indulged, "Except that time when we both saw him at Manassas."

Soon after this I went away to the great Confederate Military School at Lexington, and never saw President Davis again until the latter part of May, 1864. Then he was my hero, and I was one of his heroes. The Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute was called upon in emergency to serve with Breckinridge in the Shenandoah Valley. Our army met the forces of Seigel May 15, 1864, at New Market in Shenandoah, and we gave him such a thorough thrashing that Grant telegraphed to Washington "Seigel is whipped again."

The Cadet Corps greatly distinguished itself. We lost eight killed and forty-six wounded out of two hundred and twenty-five in action, in a fight of about four hours' duration.

I was seventeen years and four months old when I received my first wound, and was as proud as Napoleon at Austerlitz. It was a slight wound, and I rejoined the command in Staunton on its march up the valley. We were ordered to Richmond. On our way we passed immediately in rear of Lee's army, moving parallel to Grant's. When we stopped at Hanover Junction we could hear the firing along the line of the North Anna River, and our train was surrounded by Stonewall Jackson's old division, resting at mid-day, on its march to confront Grant's flank movement from Spottsylvania to Cold Harbour. At Richmond we were put in camp in what was then known as Camp Lee. It is now the Exposition grounds. We were reviewed on the Capitol Square by President Davis, the Governor of Virginia, and others. Mr. Davis was very complimentary of the gallantry of the Corps, but greatly deplored the necessity of putting us into service. He used the simile that putting such youths into service was like "using up the seed corn of the Confederacy," and it was widely commented on in the papers North and South. But the taste of war it gave us made many of us resign and accept commissions as "Drill Masters, with the pay and

emolument of 2nd Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States." That is rather a high-sounding office for so small an employment, but at the time I was proud of it. I spent the autumn of 1864 in southwest Virginia drilling reserve regiments composed of men over forty-five and boys under eighteen. It was a hard thing to make men old enough to be my father and boys younger than myself look alike and march alike. We had a battle at the Salt Works with Burbridge that November and repulsed him handsomely. Then I was ordered to report to Major Boggs, commanding the artillery defences on the line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad from Richmond to Danville. I was his adjutant. We had no end of guns. We had batteries at Mattoax, High Bridge, Staunton River, Danville, and I do not remember how many other points. I think there were, in all, at these numerous points about one hundred heavy guns. To man them we had about one hundred men. As each point on the line was threatened we concentrated our men there; and before preparing to shoot the enemy we had to clear away the grass from about the guns and clean the birds' nests out of the muzzles, for between times the guns took care of themselves. I had several opportunities, upon visits to Richmond, during that winter to see Mr. Davis. The war had aged him very much. I remember calling upon him officially, in company

with my father upon one occasion, to see him about some promotions in my father's brigade. Mr. Davis was very civil and kind, but seemed to me to have realized then that our struggle could only be successful by a miracle. I think everybody believed he was unselfishly devoted to the cause and gave him credit for doing the best he knew how for our success, but candour compels the statement that he was not as popular as he might have been, and that such faith as was left in our success pinned itself to our armies in the field and their great commanders. General Lee was adored by our people, and, notwithstanding many retreats and failures, the people of the South believed in the greatness and capacity of General Joseph E. Johnston as second only to Lee. .

President Davis's action in removing General Johnston before Atlanta was deeply resented by the Confederate masses, and, while everybody regarded Hood as the bravest of the brave, people did not believe he had the ability to command the Southern Army. It is true that General Johnston was a hard man to deal with; but speaking merely of public sentiment, as I saw it and heard it, the feeling was that Mr. Davis was not only unfriendly to Johnston but that he was surrounded by an old army clique who felt the same way, and that he was influenced by them.

Mr. Davis had the credit, justly or unjustly, of having a particular set of favourites and advisers;

of not having the faculty of taking all his leaders into his confidence; in a word, of not being a "mixer," as Mr. Lincoln was; of esteeming those who were in his particular circle too highly and underrating the capacity and the influence of those not in his coteric. For instance, it was generally believed that Mr. Davis set too high an estimate upon General Bragg and General Hardee, and that he was too prone to overlook the merits of anybody else until he had exhausted every effort to secure a West-Pointer. Then, too, among the army officers themselves, there was a feeling that he had brought over with him a great many old prejudices, inherited from the long standing feud between the line and the staff which arose when he was Secretary of War. Mr. Davis was by his first marriage son-in-law of General Zachary Taylor. It may not be generally known that there was considerable jealousy between General Taylor and General Winfield Scott; that even in the time of Mr. Davis's incumbency of the War Office the conflict between the Adjutant-General's Office and the General of the Army arose; and that General Lee was the most beloved subordinate of General Scott. The conflict continued in the United States Army from that time until the creation of the General Staff. It was so flagrant when General Sherman was Commanding General that he removed his headquarters to St. Louis, and we all remember what a time we had between

Adjutant-General Corbin and General Miles during the Spanish War.

It seems amusing that the same controversy was transferred to the Confederacy, and that the estrangements and jealousies begotten by it should have continued to be felt there. Yet it was generally believed to be so. Justly or unjustly, it detracted from the popularity of Mr. Davis.

The next occasion upon which I met Mr. Davis was when Richmond was evacuated. My station was at Clover, a depot on the line between Richmond and Danville. In another book I have described how I first heard of the evacuation of the city, and how train after train passed by Clover laden with the débris of the burning capitol. Early on the morning of Tuesday, April, 5th, as I stood upon the platform, I caught sight of my brother-in-law, Doctor Garnett, upon a train. Going to speak to him, I found he was with President Davis. He was Mr. Davis's family physician. Among the others on the train I only recall General Bragg and, if I mistake not, Colonel Archer Anderson of Richmond, who was in some way connected with his staff. Mr. Davis was very pale and weary looking, but was exceedingly gentle and gracious, and as the train moved away quickly I had little or no conversation with him.

Five days later I reported to him in Danville at the home of the late Major William T. Sutherlin.

I was bearer of the last despatch he ever received from General Lee. In another book I have described the circumstances under which I was sent in to communicate with General Lee, and the trials and tribulations of that trip. Suffice it to say here that, having reached General Lee and received his communication at Farmville, I rode back to Danville and delivered my despatches to President Davis in person. It was the first communication he had received from General Lee since he had left Richmond. He mentions my visit in his book. A number of the members of his Cabinet were present when he questioned me concerning the location and condition of General Lee's army. I knew the condition of the army was very bad; that we had sustained a severe defeat and the loss of many prisoners at Sailors' Creek; that the army had been pressed off its proposed line of retreat by the route of the Danville railroad and was retiring along the Southside road toward Lynchburg; and that the cavalry of the enemy was already considerably ahead of it on its flank. Pressed for my own convictions, I expressed the fear that it must surrender. But I fear that my estimate of the number of troops remaining to General Lee must have shaken the faith of Mr. Davis in my other statements, for I thought General Lee still had 30,000 men left, whereas he had not many more than that when he left Petersburg, and when he surrendered he had but 8,000 muskets.

I shall never forget the courtesy and patience with which Mr. Davis conducted his examination of me, or his fatherly interest in seeing that I was fed and cared for when he learned what a trying journey I had made. He gave me return despatches the following morning and I started with them to General Lee, but I never delivered them, for upon reaching Halifax Court House I heard of his surrender and turned southward to Johnston's army.

The next time I saw Mr. Davis was under very changed conditions. I cannot fix the exact date in my memory, and it is not sufficiently important to hunt it up. During the war all my father's household effects were transferred from our home at Rolleston to Fortress Monroe. My father would not take any step to obtain their restoration because it involved taking some kind of oaths. Finally the War Department gave an order for their delivery to my mother, and I was selected to go down to Fortress Monroe and receive them. Being a very ardent and bumptious young rebel, when I arrived at Old Point I registered at Phœbus's Hotel, wrote a formal letter to the general commanding announcing my arrival, and asked at what hour I might present myself and my orders, identify my property and receive it. At that time the only hotel on the point was a little building about forty feet square and two stories high, built by Harrison Phœbus and called the

Hygeia, after the old Hygeia which had been destroyed. This house would not accommodate over twenty people. Phœbus himself was express agent, steamboat agent and general utility man about the wharf, and lived in a little shack built of cracker boxes in rear of his hotel. Many a time I have seen him catch the landing rope from the steamers. Afterward, on the site of his hotel and house he built a splendid hotel, and at one time had a net profit of $150,000 a year. He was a prince of hosts and made me feel at home in his little hotel while I awaited a reply from General Hays, the Commandant. Meanwhile, in my mind I had been figuring out how formal and dignified the interview would be with the officer in charge of my property.

Suddenly the door was flung wide open and a handsome young blond officer, dressed in the height of army style, stalked in with a free and easy air, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Hello, Phœbus! Is there a young chap named Wise somewhere about here?" Phœbus introduced us. "Hello Wise!" said he. "Glad to see you! Come ahead, let's have a drink, quick." And before I could catch my breath he had me by the hand and was dragging me to the bar in a little side room. It was Lieutenant Wallace F. Randolph of Philadelphia, then serving on General Hays's staff. The gentleman has recently been retired with rank of Major General, for old age.

He was then the jolliest, liveliest soul in the army, and as pretty food for gunpowder as ever my eyes rested upon. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship, and in Cuba his attachment transferred itself from me to my oldest boy, a subaltern under him, and about the age dear old "Wally" Randolph was when we first met. His tongue went on like a policeman's rattle. "Glad to see you, Wise. Know all about you—first thing I remember was seeing the whole City of Philadelphia in mourning for your old grandfather. Say, have another drink. No? That's strange! Well, come on. 'Old Billy' wants you to come straight to the house. He is a warm admirer of your father, and Mrs. Hays knows all your mother's people. Can't go? Well, I guess you will. This is no place for a white man to stay. Don't be afraid you'll leave the liquor behind. Old Billy loves it as well as anybody and has a-plenty of it at his house. Besides, we can stop on the way up and get some at the Officers' Club. Oh, I don't want to hear any more of that talk. Come on. We'll be late for dinner. Phœbus, send Wise's baggage up to the General's."

Randolph went at me like a whirlwind, and before I knew it I was accompanying him, in spite of all protests, to become the guest of General Hays.

He was a charming host and his wife a lovely woman. They did everything to make my stay

pleasant. General Hays, or "Old Billy," as everybody called him, was then an elderly man, and prior to the Civil War had been an ardent admirer of my father in his great campaign against Know-Nothingism. I was astonished to hear his familiarity with my father's career and speeches. In the Civil War General Hays commanded the "100 guns" on Malvern Hill, with which McClellan held Lee in check and covered the retirement of the Federal army to Harrison's landing. The old fellow was now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of peace and showed the effect of high living. There was nothing he could do to help me collect my father's things that was omitted. I think he would have given me a piece of the fort if I had claimed it. And as for Randolph, he was the jolliest, the readiest, the most willing companion I had met in years.

"Would you like to call upon Mr. Davis?" said the General the following morning. Assured that I would, he told me I might do so. There were no formalities about it. An order on a visiting card, directing all sentinels to allow me to pass, gave me access to the quarters where Mr. Davis lived. He occupied at that time a suite of casemate rooms on the southeast face of the fort, somewhere near to the flag-staff. They are quarters which, ever since I have known the fort, have been officers' quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were both there then. I

visited them unaccompanied by anybody. They were a little surprised, I think, at seeing a Southern friend come up so boldly, but they seemed gratified also, and were most kind in their welcome. Mr. Davis was more gracious than I ever saw him. He took my hand between both of his and smilingly said, "Why, Captain, I am delighted to see you," and I checked him laughingly by replying, "Ah, Mr. President, you mock me with a title you never gave me when you might have done so. I was only a lieutenant, and it's too late now." Both he and Mrs. Davis laughed heartily at the conceit, and he said, "Well, you *ought* to have been a captain anyhow."

Then we had a real good heart-to-heart old-fashioned talk, and what rejoiced me most was the prospect that he was soon to be released. He was looking remarkably well, and his only complaint was that the dampness of the location inclined him to rheumatism. Soon after that I think his quarters were changed to Carroll Hall. But everywhere is damp in Fortress Monroe.

I enjoyed that visit. When it was over I felt nearer to Mr. Davis and appreciated what he had done and suffered for the Confederate cause more than I had ever done before.

I am sure I saw him when he came to Richmond afterward and Horace Greeley became one of his bondsmen. I think he was the guest of Mr.

Lyons, but I have no distinct recollection about it.

But the memory of Mr. Davis which impresses me as much as any other is of his visit to Richmond in 1875, when the statue of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled. That was a most memorable occasion. Mr. Davis delivered an address before the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia the night after the unveiling. He spoke in the Presbyterian Church which stood on the site of the present City Hall in Richmond. I had heard much of his eloquence but had never heard him speak but once, and then under very favourable circumstances. The speech he delivered in 1875 was one of the very best and one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard. Moreover it was in singularly good taste, free from all reproaches or bad blood or recrimination. Reduced to its last analysis, it said, "God knows we believed we were right. We did everything that men could do to maintain our convictions. Our times are in His hands. Let us accept the results without murmur. But above all, let us never cease to honour and maintain the glory of our dead."

Say what anybody will about Mr. Davis, his conduct from the end of the war to the time of his death was irreproachable; irreproachable, too, under strains which were very hard to bear. He was superbly silent under reproaches that were unjust, tantalising and oftentimes ineffably

mean. It distresses me to this day whenever I hear anybody speak disparagingly of this man, who was unquestionably devoted to the cause for which he lived and died, and who was infinitely greater than his traducers.

ANDREW JOHNSON

V.—ANDREW JOHNSON

If anybody had told me during the gloomy, embittered, humiliating time of Andrew Johnson's Presidency that he would "dance at my wedding" I am sure I would have repelled the suggestion as altogether improbable and revolting. Yet, while Andrew Johnson did not dance, nor did anybody else dance at that good Presbyterian function, he was there, and probably the most conspicuous individual present.

The older people, by whom I was surrounded and from whose opinions mine were formed, were shocked at the death of Mr. Lincoln and regarded it as a dire disaster from several points of view. It not only deprived the Southern people in our hour of need of that charity and desire for restored fraternity which they were already beginning to recognise as prominent characteristics of Mr. Lincoln, but it embittered the Northern people against us to a degree that they never felt before. It elevated to his place, amidst this excitement and vindictiveness, a man who was believed by everybody in the South to be vengeful by nature and to cherish a life-long grudge against that class of Southern people which, in all his political campaigns, he had never failed to denounce as the "aristocracy."

Mr. Johnson's very remarkable career in Tennessee was, from its beginning, based upon the strong, fierce, aggressive appeal to what he was pleased to call the "masses" against the other elements of the community denominated by him as the "classes."

The Whig party of Tennessee, as parties were aligned for many years before the outbreak of the Civil War, was not only strong but, as far as such a thing may be in a democracy, the patrician organisation of the State. Under the leadership of John Bell it was a Union party, but it was exceedingly conservative upon the slavery question, and embraced in its ranks the bulk of the property owners and educated classes of the State.

It was indeed the highest type of that conservative Federal loyalty, of which Henry Clay in his day was the idol in the West. Its opponent was the party of Andrew Jackson, or "Old Hickory," as he was universally called in Tennessee; a party which was strong and oftentimes victorious. But the personnel of General Jackson's party was nothing like so distinguished as that of the Whigs of Tennessee. The old Whig organisation, under the leadership of Clay and Bell, had a contempt for the democracy and looked upon it as the struggle of the rabble clamouring against the better elements of society.

Andrew Jackson was in his day unquestionably

Photograph by Brady & Co.

ANDREW JOHNSON

The seventeenth president of the United States (1865-69)

one of the greatest politicians this country ever produced, and he possessed a hold upon the imagination and the affections of the masses of the people, not only in his own State but throughout the whole country, which no other man has ever had unless it be the present incumbent of the White House. His following came from the common people, who believed that in him they saw the embodiment of their ideas of real democracy. They believed that he had a true conception of the proper relations between the States and Federal Government. They were captivated by his personal courage, his military prowess and his political resourcefulness. They ridiculed the idea so strongly put forth by his opponents that he was a tyrant and a despot for asserting the power of the Federal Government to maintain its own authority, and they had an abiding faith that he loved the rights of the common people and the masses too sincerely to permit those rights to be infringed upon either by unwarranted Federal usurpation or by class legislation in the States. They pinned their faith to Andrew Jackson as the true embodiment of a Federal Democrat. As long as he lived he was almost invincible in Tennessee. After the death of General Jackson, however, the State of Tennessee for some time lacked a successor to him on the Democratic side powerful enough to cope with the stubborn efforts for control never relinquished by the wealthy and powerful

Whig organisation of the State. Nobody has yet appeared in Tennessee to take the place of Andrew Jackson, but Andrew Johnson certainly possessed some very virile characteristics and made a deep impression upon his time. He grew up an obscure and ignorant boy of the very humblest, and possibly even doubtful, antecedents, of that class of people known in the South as "poor whites"; he drifted from North Carolina into Tennessee, where his youth was spent in the little village of Greenville. To people of his station the wealthy homes of the Whigs were virtually closed. How they lived, what their homes contained, their social point of view, their political ideals, were matters about which people of his class were even more ignorant than were the negroes themselves. The latter in the capacity of household servants saw and heard something of these things, while to the poor whites they were almost, if not absolutely, unknown. Johnson's affiliation with the party of the people, as Democracy was called, was natural, for there was an impassable social gulf between him and the aristocracy, as the old Whig nabobs were denominated. He doubtless regarded them as a proud, disdainful race who looked down upon him, and he doubtless thought that their views of political administration were all tinged by motives of selfishness rather than by any interest in the elevation of the common people or kindliness to his class. It was this feeling, no

doubt, which made the masses of the poor Southern whites Democrats in those days.

Andrew Johnson began life as a tailor in the little town of Greenville in East Tennessee, and the story of his ignorance and lack of advantages has been too often told to need repetition here. His wife actually taught him to read, it is said. It must have been a cheerless and unhappy existence if he was ambitious, for the task of surmounting the difficulties which confronted him must have seemed almost hopeless. In time, however, he became Town Councilman, Mayor, Member of the Legislature, Governor and Vice-President and President. During the time of his boyhood there lived in the same town with him an orphaned Virginia boy, of about his own age, who was his very opposite in his social antecedents. His name was Hugh Douglas, and he was what Walter Scott describes as "a penniless laird wi' a lang pedigree." His grandfather, William Douglas, a cadet of the house of Douglas of Garallan in Ayrshire, went to Virginia one hundred years before and became a prominent man in Loudoun County, and his mother was a Beverley, connected with all the old Virginia Byrds, Blands, Randolphs, Corbins and what not. Left an impoverished orphan while he was yet a small boy, he had been sent to a paternal aunt in Greenville, and was a clerk in the store of his uncle, who was one of the village nabobs.

Although their antecedents were so different their lonely situation was much the same, and a warm friendship grew up between Andy Johnson and Hugh Douglas. Many a day they met and for lack of other employment talked politics together, and, although one was a disciple of Clay and the other a follower of Jackson, these political differences never interfered with their boyish friendship.

Andy Johnson made for Hugh Douglas the first suit of man's clothes he ever wore. As they grew up their lots in life separated them. Young Douglas was energetic and successful and established a business of his own in a distant town. Young Johnson entered upon a career of politics. Both prospered, and some years before the war Douglas moved to Nashville and became one of the merchant princes of that place. Johnson also moved to Nashville, having become the leader of the Anti-Know-Nothing party in Tennessee, and was elected Governor of the State. At Nashville their boyish friendship was renewed and cemented. Mr. Douglas made it a point to send Mr. Johnson every year upon his birthday a box of the same kind of the old-fashioned red bandana handkerchiefs which they had both used when they were boys in Greenville. Perhaps no act of kindness which he ever did, and he did a great many, ever so well repaid him, for in time war broke out. Douglas was a Union man,

but his great big heart was so generous that it went out in sympathy to every human being on this earth in need, so he helped the Confederate soldiers with unstinted generosity to blankets and to every comfort of any kind possessed by him. When the Union troops took possession of Nashville certain people would have arrested Mr. Douglas and would have confiscated his property and subjected him to all the penalties of the times, as one who had given aid and comfort to rebels, but it made no difference with Andrew Johnson. He knew him, knew his loyalty, knew the motives which had prompted his charities and covered him with the ægis of his protection, brought him through the war unmolested, and even after it was over gave him his voluntary testimony, whereby Mr. Douglas was enabled to get compensation for the use and occupation of his property by Federal troops; and the friendship between the two lasted and was warm and generous and kindly until death separated them, although it was hard to define what they had in common unless it was the memory of the cheerless and common struggles of their boyhood.

These things came to my knowledge in later years, when I married the daughter of Mr. Douglas, but they were unknown to me when the war ended and while Andrew Johnson was President. Many was the day at that time when I heard the Confederate leaders bemoan the hard fate

which had placed them at the mercy of Andrew Johnson. He had given utterance to his repugnance to them on many public occasions; had declared that the Southern aristocracy would stop at nothing to maintain their oligarchy; that they had sought to destroy the Union, and had dragged the loyal masses of the South into secession with no higher motive than to perpetuate their slave tyranny; and one of his first steps after the war was ended was to issue a proclamation compelling all owners of property of the value of twenty thousand dollars or more to make special application to him for pardon. It was believed that the motive of this requirement was to add to their humiliation. This and many other things prepared the Southern people to find in him a revengeful and vindictive enemy.

One might hear in any gathering of Southern men such expressions as "Expect mercy or kindness from Andrew Johnson, because he is a Southern man? Bah! He hates a Southern gentleman because he is himself a 'poor white.' He has a life-long grudge against them. He is a *sans-culotte* who would, if he could, erect a guillotine and start the loaded tumbrels of the French Revolution through the streets in Washington." But in a short while Johnson changed his whole attitude toward the South—he became the advocate and champion of liberal treatment of the Southerners. This was when he had become embroiled with the

Radical leaders in Congress. His friendship for the South then was more injurious, if possible, than his former enmity had been, for the dominant Radicals and Stalwarts, who impeached him, took delight in harrowing the Southern people because he announced himself as opposed to that policy.

Notwithstanding the long friendship between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Douglas, Mr. Johnson had never entered the house of Mr. Douglas prior to the time of my marriage. The real reason for this the ex-President did not perhaps know. Mrs. Douglas was not only an aristocrat in her feelings but was a very religious and strict Presbyterian. She regarded Andy Johnson as the prince of vulgarians, and his prominence in public life did not in the least affect that firm and fixed opinion. Moreover, he was reputed to be a drinking man, which fact was of itself sufficient to bar him from all precincts presided over by her. And so it had come about that, notwithstanding many adroit efforts made by Mr. Douglas in the past to overcome her prejudice and induce her to permit him to entertain Johnson, she had until now stoutly resisted and rejected every overture. Shortly before my marriage, which occurred November 3, 1869, Mr. Douglas announced to me confidentially, evidently with great pride and satisfaction, that President Johnson would be present at the ceremony. How he overcame the scruples of his wife I never learned, but at the appointed time

Mr. Johnson was there. It would have amused anybody who knew of the struggle by which this had been brought about to note the manner of Mrs. Douglas toward her distinguished guest. She was of course too refined to be rude to him in her own house, but her whole bearing was that of one who, while she had allowed him to appear, had no idea of permitting him to become too intimate, and who was apprehensive all the time that he might do something extraordinarily terrible at any moment. On the other hand, Mr. Douglas was the soul of genial hospitality, was flattered at the compliment of Mr. Johnson's presence, and did everything in his power to show him his appreciation.

Certainly nobody could have been more courteous or punctilious or have borne himself with more dignity or decorum than did the ex-President. He had a dull, stolid face, with hard cynical lines about the mouth, but his manners were excellent and his conversation both interesting and complimentary. To my surprise he gave, as the chief reason for his coming, his desire to do honour to my father, for whom he expressed great admiration. He explained that the Anti-Know-Nothing campaign in Tennessee had followed almost immediately after that in Virginia; that anticipating its coming he had devoted himself studiously to my father's campaign, with great interest and admiration, and that he had to a

large extent modelled his own campaign upon that. After quite a lengthy talk, he begged me to present his compliments to my father and to assure him that notwithstanding all the intervening national differences he still had no warmer admirer than himself for his brilliant victory in 1855. When I returned to Virginia and reported this interview to my father I think he heard the account somewhat sheepishly, for to my certain knowledge he had spent about four years of his life, devoting about an hour a day, to denunciation of Andy Johnson; and if the Recording Angel kept tab upon his expletives it must have required a special detail for the book-keeping work, and the entries must have filled a volume.

My next sight of Mr. Johnson was probably a year or so later, shortly before his death. It was soon after his campaign before the Tennessee Legislature for the Senate. At that time his habits had become exceedingly dissipated, and one of his peculiarities was that he appeared to select very young men as his companions in his debauches. His headquarters were at the Maxwell House at that time. A band serenaded him and the street was thronged with an immense crowd, cheering and calling loudly for a speech. After a long delay the ex-President appeared upon the hotel balcony and acknowledged the compliment, but his condition was such that he was totally unable to speak coherently and, in fact, found difficulty

in keeping on his feet. It was a pitiful sight to see him standing there, holding on to the iron railing in front of him and swaying back and forth, almost inarticulate with drink. With him at the time was one of the wittiest and most impudent youngsters I ever knew. He was a young Virginian who had gone to Nashville to practise law and had become the boon companion and intimate of Mr. Johnson. He was himself very much under the influence of liquor, and feeling that somebody ought to speak and a sort of responsibility for ex-President Johnson, he began an address which, with its wild extravagance and maudlin absurdity, convulsed the crowd with laughter until it grew impatient and hooted him down. It was a sight I shall never forget—the bloated, stupid, helpless look of Mr. Johnson, as he was hurried away from the balcony to his rooms by his friends and led staggering through the corridors of the Maxwell House. He died shortly after the occurrence just related.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

VI.—ULYSSES S. GRANT

Although I had seen General Grant at a distance on numerous occasions, it was seven or eight years after the close of the Civil War before I met him face to face, and then it was in a most unusual way. Business called me to Long Branch, where I saw the President every day driving back and forth upon the avenues. On my way home I took a sleeper in Philadelphia. It was quite late, a hot night, and I was dirty. I went into the lavatory of the sleeping car, removed my coat and collar, and proceeded to give myself a good scrubbing. While so engaged, a quiet man slipped into the compartment and lit a cigar. No one else was present, for nearly everybody else on the car was asleep. Ours was the last sleeper, and next to it was an excursion car filled with one of the noisiest and jolliest of crowds. Men and women were singing.

"My, what a noisy crowd," said I. "If they keep that up we will not get much sleep." The remark was made in the free and easy way in which one traveller addresses another upon a train, and without even looking closely at my companion. "They are not going far, I think. It is an excursion from Wilmington, I believe. I like to see

them happy," was the prompt democratic reply. Something in the voice or manner of the speaker made me pause with the towel in my hands and turn toward him. I knew the face. There was no mistaking it. It was that of the President of the United States. He was sitting there alone, just as serene and devoid of self-consciousness as any Bill Smith or Tom Jones in all America. I looked at him incredulously, and he returned my glance steadily. "I beg your pardon," I stammered forth. "But—is this—General—President Grant?" He nodded assent. "Again, I beg your pardon, Mr. President. When I addressed you so familiarly I had no idea who you were. In fact, sir, one would not expect to meet——" "That's all right," said he. "Don't explain it. Glad to see you. I like a cigar before retiring, and slipped in here to have a smoke." I introduced myself. He asked me who I was and, when I told him, said he knew all about my people. Then he was wide awake. He began to ask me all sorts of questions. Inquired if our people were getting along all right now. Asked if we were satisfied with the results of the war. Asked about certain people he knew. Said he hoped the Southern people would accept the results. Among other things, I remember one expression which came unconnected with anything that preceded it. It was—"The Southern newspapers have done more harm than any other influence." People

ULYSSES S. GRANT

The eighteenth president of the United States (1869-76).

have often said General Grant was a taciturn man. I never found him so. He always talked to me, and he always seemed to delight in putting questions as fast as he could ask them. I was immensely flattered, for I was not over twenty-four of twenty-five years of age. He said, among other things, "I like to hear what people like you think." Then he added, "Did you like army life?" "I loved it. My heart was broken when I lost my job, General," I replied, laughingly. "I wish we had a lot of you young fellows in the service now. I believe it would be a great thing for restored fraternity," said he. Then he added, "But public sentiment is not ready for it yet."

"What are you doing for a living?"

"Practising law."

"Like it?"

"Yes, sir, but it is not as good fun as fighting."

And the President laughed, although they say he was not much given to it.

I think we had passed Havre de Grace when our real friendly private, almost intimate, talk was ended. I would have remained all night with him if he had permitted me, for he fascinated me. But he had had enough of me and arose, saying, "Good night, I'm glad I met you. You must come to see me some time when you visit Washington." He did not say "I like you," but I thought he did, and he showed it in many ways, on many occasions, afterward. And I liked him.

He was one of the simplest, most genuine, direct and manly men I ever saw.

About three weeks afterward I went into the United States Court in Richmond to attend to some business. A jury trial was in progress before Judge Underwood. He beckoned to me to come up and take a seat beside him, as judges do when they want to talk with lawyers. Leaning over to me he said, in his slow, drawling way, "I was in Washington a few days ago and saw the President. He was asking me about you. Told me he met you on a train. You ought to go to see him some time when you are there. He likes you." I thanked him and was, of course, most gratified. I wish I had had the manhood to vote for Grant in 1872, but I did not. Prejudice was so strong I could not brave it. But I would not vote for Greeley. I simply sneaked and stayed away from the polls. Went hunting! The old trick.

After the interview referred to I went to see General Grant, and he was very civil to me. It must have been several years later that I had an amusing experience with him. It was during his second term, when the prosecutions were going on all over the country against the distillers and rectifiers. I was employed to defend a man who had been a large rectifier in Petersburg, and who was charged with extensive frauds upon the revenue. He was indicted, and the distillery was libeled in

the United States Circuit Court. I was retained in both the civil and criminal cases. Judge Lunsford L. Lewis was United States Attorney. My poor old client was no doubt guilty. He was of the class, quite prevalent in those days, that believed it was fair to cheat the Government. But a better hearted creature never lived. He had been a good soldier, and had but lately married an excellent wife and had a young child. We had about five or six trials, and as many hung juries. The Government had gone to great expense preparing for the trial. First we would try the criminal charge, and have a hung jury. Then we would shift to a trial of the libel against the distillery, with like result. Lewis was pertinacious in his prosecution, feeling sure of the man's guilt; and my whole soul was concentrated upon his defence. The evidence was substantially the same in both cases. Now, the rule of law in a criminal case against a man is that the evidence, in order to convict him, should preponderate in favour of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt; while in a proceeding *in rem* to forfeit a distillery it is only necessary to establish the charge by a preponderance of evidence. But in the first three or four trials I succeeded in securing hung juries whether Lewis elected to try the indictment against the man or the libel against the distillery. At last I came to grief. The early trials were before Judge Hughes, the District

Judge, but at last, when the trial of the man on the indictment came on for the second or third time, Judge Hugh L. Bond, the Circuit Judge, was on the bench. Bond was an able man but no student, and while he was a good fellow in private life he was one of the worst bullies and most relentless judges I ever practised before. He was impatient of delays, imperious in his rulings and merciless in his instructions against a prisoner when he chose to be. He made short shrift of my client and myself. He wanted to leave for his home in Baltimore. I saved points and asked many instructions. Bond, when it came to instructions, blurted right out to the jury that the man was guilty, the evidence sufficient, and that they ought to bring in a verdict of conviction. They did so. My client, who was a man of respectable antecedents, was horrified when Bond proceeded to sentence him to four years in Auburn Penitentiary in New York. The scene in Court when that poor old fellow was sentenced was one of the most pathetic experiences of my practice, but it made no impression on Judge Bond. I promptly ordered a copy of the record and prepared to fight.

Then Bond left and Judge Hughes continued to try cases at the term. The Government pressed the libel suit to forfeit the distillery. I went into that case with fear and trembling. But the reader may imagine my delight at the end

of a wearying trial, on the same evidence upon which the prisoner had been convicted, when the jury, after a long retirement, brought in a verdict acquitting the distillery.

Thus, on the same facts, one jury found a man guilty beyond reasonable doubt, and another held that the evidence did not even preponderate in favour of the Government. It was an amusing result to everybody but my poor old client, who was under sentence. On this state of facts I resolved to waste no time on attempted appeals, but to take both records to Washington, to show that there must be a reasonable doubt about his guilt and base my appeal for executive clemency upon that palpable fact. Accordingly, armed with both records, I repaired to Washington, having first secured a stay of execution which detained my client in Richmond until his fate was settled. Repairing to the White House, armed with the two great rolls of record, I was admitted, after a long delay, into the President's office. He was cordial as usual and made me feel at home. "What have you there?" he asked, looking at my records with evident concern. I told him briefly. Concluding, I said: "Mr. President, the Judge, in the trial of my client, ran away with the jury, bullied me and bullied them, and prejudiced my client. Both cases show the same facts. In one case, where only a preponderance of evidence was required, a jury acquitted. Yet

in the other, requiring proof beyond a reasonable doubt, the Court, on the same testimony, forced the jury to convict. Now does not that look like a case of reasonable doubt? Does it not look as if the Judge prejudiced the jury against the prisoner?"

The President had begun to write. He paused, looked up, and his eye twinkled with merriment. "Does look that way," said he, "unless—unless—unless there was prejudice *in favour of the distillery!*" Finishing the writing, he handed it to me, addressed to Judge Gray, the officer in charge of Pardons in the Department of Justice. It simply said, "Dear Judge—Young Mr. Wise, bearer of this, is a friend of mine. Do what you can for him."

When I reached the Department I found that Judge Bond had anticipated my coming and written a violent protest to the President against any clemency to my client. Judge Gray and I read the letter of Judge Bond, and I feared it was going to have a damaging effect, but he said, "We all know Bond!" About two weeks later the pardon came, and Judge Gray and I were sworn friends as long as he lived.

The last time I ever saw General Grant was in New York. I was visiting the city negotiating for a large amount of money. He was then in the firm of Grant & Ward. I was awaiting a down-town train at the Twenty-third Street elevated station. He came up the steps and recognised me at once.

It was near mid-day and the cars were not crowded, so that we took seats together. He was looking badly. Learning that I was interested in negotiating a large loan, he told me that possibly his firm might handle the matter and gave me the card of Ferdinand Ward, with the words written on the back, "Introducing Mr. Wise, my friend. U. S. G." I called upon Ward, whose office was somewhere about where the Manhattan Life Building now stands. I was very much repelled by the man's appearance. He sent me to see James D. Fish at the Marine Bank. Mr. Fish gave me valuable employment in a matter pertaining to a life insurance company of which he was receiver, but nothing was done in the original business about which Ward had sent me to see him. Poor old Fish was a kind-hearted, jolly, companionable man, and I deeply regretted his subsequent troubles.

Shortly before the death of my father business took him to Washington, and he called upon President Grant, whom he had never met. He was much impressed by Grant's accurate knowledge and power of clear statement. It was soon after the great Chicago fire, and I remember his vivid recital of President Grant's description of the origin, cause, nature, progress and results of the conflagration. President and Mrs. Grant both showed him marked attention. During my father's long service in Congress he had much to

do with the army folk and in some way had been kind to the Dents, and Grant himself had been deeply interested in the Anti-Know-Nothing campaign and had read his speeches and followed his career with great interest. It seems that on the occasion of his visit my father presented the President with an old ring set with a fragment of the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. If I ever heard of the fact I had forgotten it until it was recalled lately by a gratifying episode following the death of Mrs. Grant. The dear old lady was fond of West Point. On the occasion of one of her many visits there she met my eldest son, Cadet (now Captain) Hugh Douglas Wise, and became much interested in the little fellow. Whenever she went to the post she always inquired for him, and often sent for him to visit her. After her death her son, General Frederick Dent Grant, wrote to my son and told him that among his mother's effects he had found the ring above referred to with a tag attached to it on which was written, "This ring was presented to my husband by the late Governor Wise, and I wish it given, after my death, to Captain Wise." My son, knowing that I was frequently called Captain, suggested to General Fred. Grant that she probably referred to me, but General Grant knew better and sent it to him, saying she intended it for her cadet friend, and so my son is now its possessor.

In a rather free talk I once had with President Grant about the Confederate leaders, he expressed feelings of the greatest kindness, admiration and almost affection for General Lee. I remember his saying that if everybody had borne themselves after the war as General Lee did it would have saved a world of trouble. I tried to draw him out into some expression of opinion concerning the relative merits of the Confederate commanders, but he gave no definite response. He did, however, express such a high opinion of the generalship and abilities of General Joseph E. Johnston and recurred to that opinion so often that, without his having said so, I have ever since entertained the notion that General Grant thought him the greatest Confederate commander. And other prominent Northern soldiers have said so to me positively. Without claiming to be a competent military critic or qualified judge, I must say that for the life of me I have never been able to understand the reasoning upon which such an opinion is based. For a long time I seriously was inclined to think Grant the greatest soldier of the war, notwithstanding all my prejudices in favour of Lee; but, after a careful study of Lee's campaigns, especially his last grand campaign which began when Grant crossed the Rappahannock, May 4, 1864, and ended at Appomattox, I believe Lee was the greatest soldier of the war. Nobody else fought a more brilliant battle than Second Manas-

sas. Nobody did anything as astounding as Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness campaign, in which Lee with but 60,000 men met 120,000 men under Grant and in thirty-eight days disabled 55,995 of his enemy, without allowing that enemy to gain any substantial advantage, ranks Lee, in my opinion, as one of the greatest of military leaders. My authorities are: Rhodes, the Historian (Vol. IV.), a Northern man, and the Official Records. I believe that history will rank Lee as the greatest soldier of the Civil War, and in coming to that conclusion I have certainly tried, however I may have failed, to be non-partisan. General Grant also had a high opinion of Stonewall Jackson. I had been a cadet at the school where Jackson was a professor, and the cadet corps of which I was a member buried Jackson. Grant was deeply interested in the incidents of Jackson's private life and the story of his idiosyncrasies which I knew. Everybody knows, of course, how much he was attached to Longstreet.

I cannot close these rambling reminiscences of General Grant without telling one other, because it is so illustrative of the wonderful change in his private fortunes brought about by the war.

Soon after the war ended an elderly United States Army surgeon was stationed in Richmond. In the old service he had been an intimate friend of an old friend and neighbour of ours, Colonel ——. Doctor —— often visited Colonel ——

socially, and one evening I happened to be at the house of Colonel —— when Doctor —— called. Their conversation fell upon old times, and Colonel —— asked Doctor —— if he knew Grant in the old service.

"Yes, indeed," replied the doctor, "I knew him in Mexico when he was a young sub. and I assistant surgeon. And he was a good fellow. I lost sight of him for some time, and my next meeting with him was under peculiar circumstances."

The doctor hesitated a moment, drew out his pocketbook, fumbled in a side pocket of the book and brought forth a faded I. O. U. for $20 signed by Grant and dated in the fall of 1860. He passed it to Colonel —— and myself, and after we had inspected it critically we returned it to him. Seeing by our expression that our curiosity was excited, he proceeded:

"In the autumn of 1860 I was standing on the steps of the Astor House, New York. A man approached and addressed me. I did not recognise him, and he relieved me by saying, 'You don't remember me. I'm Grant, formerly of the ——. Knew you in Mexico,' etc.

"I recognised him at once. 'Doctor,' said he, going straight to his point, 'I came here to meet some people, hoping to secure employment. It failed. It depressed me. I've spent every dollar I had. Dead broke. Want money enough to

get home. Can you help me? Twenty dollars will do,'" and the doctor, laughing, said, "And he looked his part. There was no mistaking that he was telling the truth. I lent him the twenty dollars and he stepped to the desk and wrote this note. I never saw him again until he was a general in the army."

"Did you try to collect it?" laughed the colonel.

"No," said the doctor. "It is the best investment I ever made. Grant doubtless forgot in the multiplicity of his cares the detail of the twenty dollars, but he never did forget that in his time of trouble I was his friend, nor has he ever forgotten to be my friend. I do not believe there is anything in reason which I might ask of him that he would not do for me. Whenever I see him he greets me with the utmost cordiality and shows his appreciation of old friendship, even though he may have forgotten the details of the origin of the feeling."

Grant always seemed to feel the liveliest interest in our old soldiers. I remember telling him on one occasion that somehow, since General Lee's death, the orphaned Confederates seemed to feel that the duty of being kind to them and looking after their interests had devolved on him. His eye brightened with gratification, and he said something to the effect that the feeling, curious as it might seem, was more or less reciprocal, and that they held a place in his regard second only to that he felt for his own men. "Curious sort of feeling, isn't it?" said he musingly.

He also had a soft spot in his heart for Colonel John S. Mosby, the Confederate guerilla, and Mosby was devoted to him.

No man could be thrown for any length of time with Grant without admiring and respecting him. He was with all his abilities one of the simplest, most confiding and trustful of men.

The greatest mistake the Southern people ever made was in not realising that if they had permitted him he would have been the best friend they had after the war.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

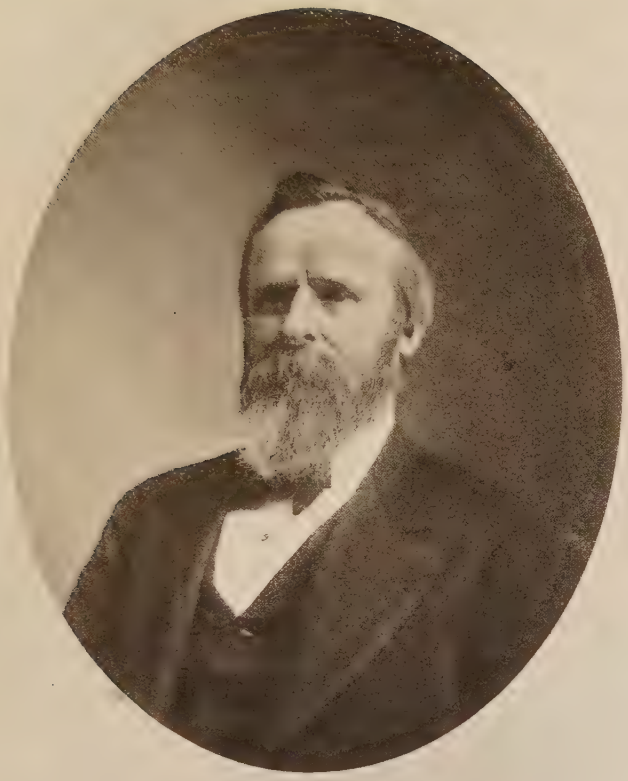
VII.—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

The first time I recall hearing the name of Rutherford B. Hayes was one morning, during Grant's second term, when the greenback excitement was at its height in Ohio. My father appeared with a newspaper containing a speech made by Mr. Hayes on the currency question at Fremont, Ohio, which he pronounced to be the ablest presentation of the subject he had seen for many years. It made an impression upon me and I read it, deriving great instruction from it; instruction which unquestionably influenced my views in favour of the gold basis from that time forth. The year of Hayes's nomination was the year of the great Centennial in Philadelphia.

The Republican National Convention which nominated Hayes was chiefly noted for the pertinacity with which the friends of President Grant sought to name him for a third term. Hayes was the outcome of a long struggle. The Democrats nominated Tilden. I took no part in politics and felt very little interest in them. My political views were largely derived from the opinions and prejudices of my father, but he was on his death bed, and I was absorbed in attention to our practice. He was senior partner and I junior, and

what little spare time I had from work was spent for the most part in his sick room. He died in September, 1876, after a lingering illness, and I was so distressed and occupied with family and business affairs that I do not even remember whether I voted. I am inclined to think that if my father had survived he would have voted for Hayes, for he not only had profound contempt for the post-bellum Democracy, but regarded Mr. Tilden as one of the trickiest and most unscrupulous politicians in America, and while his prejudices against the Republican party were strong and deep, he declared, when Hayes was nominated, that he was an able and a high man. How far he would have been swerved from that opinion by the things done after the Presidential election of 1876, and in the proceedings of the electoral commission, we cannot, of course, know.

It would be foreign to the purpose and the scope of these reminiscences to enter upon the details of the long and doubtful controversy which succeeded that election. I took no part in it and felt little interest. It was manifest to me that the result would turn upon the success of the political jockeying of the party leaders. I had seen enough of politics to satisfy me that as the two parties were then constituted the balance of ability and resourcefulness was on the side of the Republicans. To my mind, when the Democrats were inveigled into submitting the contest to a



RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

The nineteenth president of the United States (1877-81)

commission, of which a majority were Republicans, they gave up their case. And when it was developed that the Democratic State Governments in Louisiana and South Carolina were to be installed and the electoral votes of those States were to be counted for the Republicans, it was plain to me that poor old Tilden had been sold out and that the price of his slaughter was the Democratic control of those two Southern States. Maybe I was cynical. Maybe I was wrong in my conclusions. Maybe I did the electoral commission injustice. But it all came out just as I thought it would. And the Electoral Commission's findings were no surprise to me. My only regret about it was that the Supreme Court was dragged into the controversy, and its prestige for impartiality permanently impaired by entrusting to its members business that did not properly belong to them; for all men, even Supreme Court justices, are but mortals, and, in a supreme crisis like that are unable to rise above the influence of partisanship, even if they believe they can.

It was little less than a national calamity when the members of the Supreme Court, with its exalted record and the faith of the people so firmly fixed upon it, were placed in a situation from which they emerged, with one of their number called in ridicule "Aliunde Joe," because of the wide-spread opinion that he was a partisan. And

the Court has never since filled, as it did before, the popular ideal of exalted incorruptibility.

President Hayes took his seat under the blackest cloud that ever hung over a President. He had the most trying rôle to play. He could not have done otherwise than he did. To have failed or refused to assert his title to the Presidency, by every means in his power, would have been a wrong to his party and his own annihilation. He naturally committed his case to the management of his party leaders. When he won he was subjected to a murderous cross-fire. Of course his political antagonists denounced him as a fraudulent imposter. But that was not the worst of it. The men who had made the fight for him regarded him as under such obligations to them that he was their creature, and every time he failed to do what they demanded they were disposed to denounce him as an ingrate and to hint, through malice, that he really was an imposter.

No man ever was in a more trying situation. It was fashionable in those days to sneer at Hayes as a weak accident and hypocrite. But I saw a good deal of President Hayes and believe that he was an able and upright man, and that history will assign him a much higher place than his contemporaries were disposed to admit him entitled to.

Of course he could not accomplish much, pulled and hauled and mauled about in every direction, as he was by friend and foe.

He made a fair effort to conciliate the South. His Postmaster General, Judge Keyes of Tennessee, was a Democrat, and he announced a liberal policy in appointing Southern men to office. I do not recall just where I first met President Hayes, but think it was in regard to some Government business at the White House. He was one of the most patient, courteous and considerate public officials with whom I ever came in contact. When his policy of appointing Southerners to office was announced, a lady friend with claims upon me prevailed upon me to visit the President and try to secure for her husband, an educated man without talent for business, a Government position. If I had known as much then as I learned later about the way in which Government positions are secured, I never would have gone upon any such wild-goose chase or consented to bother a President about a subordinate appointment. But I wanted to help a friend and made the trip. It was in the summer time and the President and his family were temporarily residing at the Soldiers' Home. The telephone was just coming into use, and one had been put up between the White House and the Soldiers' Home. One of the officials to whom I was known inquired if the President would see me if I drove out, and the reply came at once that if I would call about 6.30 P. M he would receive me. Upon arriving there I was ushered into the sitting room, and in

a moment the President came in, smiling and holding a napkin in his hand. I had evidently interrupted him at dinner. Of course it was annoying to me, but he good-naturedly protested that it was not my fault; that I had come at the hour named by him, and that ordinarily his dinner would have been over; but that he had been out driving with Mrs. Hayes and they had been unexpectedly detained, so that I found them at dinner. He invited me to join the family, and, seeing that he would not return to his meal unless I consented to accompany him, I yielded. There I met Mrs. Hayes and some lady visitor and some of the Hayes children, I do not remember which.

Mrs. Hayes was a beautiful, dear, sweet woman. Their meal was simple enough, and their hospitality just as gracious as ever I saw. One or the other of them said something about having no wine, and I turned it off by saying that they would need to make no apologies or explanations to me, for I came from a section where the people were too poor to indulge in such luxuries.

With all her lovable and excellent traits, Mrs. Hayes was more or less of a crank on this subject. But we all have our peculiarities about this or that. Whenever I see a person so obstinate and so pertinacious in trying to make others conform to his standard of life I try not to offend his prejudice, and he certainly has no effect upon my views or habits. That sort of thing is a species of

self-assertive vanity, or prejudice, which more thorough social experience would teach one not to intrude on others; or is in many cases a form of bitterness resulting from the abuse of liquor by some loved one. Whenever I see a person of that sort my curiosity is at once aroused to know who the relative or friend was that was destroyed by liquor, and what he or she did to excite this bitterness. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this is at the bottom of it. President Hayes admired and respected Mrs. Hayes greatly and deferred to her demands about liquor, but I do not think he was himself in the least fanatical on the subject. What impressed me most about him was his placidity, and, so far as I could see, the many things which had happened and were happening, tending to make him morbid or embittered, had produced no effect upon him. It was in strange contrast with the effect of similar treatment upon President Johnson.

After our simple and delightful repast was over the President conducted me to a little veranda, and we entered upon a discussion of the business of my visit. He was a patient listener, and when I had stated the case said he fully appreciated that it was desirable to make some Southern appointments, but in his position there was little controlled by him; that nearly all the places were claimed by Senators and Congressmen, who not only filled all vacancies but had long waiting lists,

and that, under the precedents established, the President was almost without patronage, but he would see what he could do. He held in his hand a little pocket memorandum book and from time to time made entries. I felt sure that he intended to do what he could, and when I parted with him he told me he would see what he could do and I would hear from him again. But I never did hear from him again. I never blamed him, for a man in his position cannot possibly recall such insignificant matters.

The little memorandum book became well known to the visitors to President Hayes, and the fun-loving reporters made it the subject of jests more witty than charitable. It was even said that the President filled a book a day and at night threw it into a drawer and never recurred to it, so that at the end of his term there were loads of these unproductive souvenirs. Be that as it may, he made everybody feel well and hopeful during the interview.

President Hayes and his cabinet visited Richmond during his Presidential term. I then lived there and was Captain of the Blues, a volunteer company organised in 1793. It was the "*Corps d'Elite*" of the city, and we were part of the military escort that received him. With him were Mr. Evarts, Mr. Sherman, Judge Keyes, and others of his cabinet, but between my military duties and the duties of hospitality I saw little

of them. They debarked at Monroe and Franklin streets, and the President spoke from a platform erected upon a vacant lot where the handsome residence of a Mr. Harris now stands. Then we had a parade. The President's son, Webb Hayes, accompanied him, and, as he was keen for a day's shooting and I was then quite a famous Nimrod, the duty of giving him a day's sport was allotted to me. It was a pleasant service, but deprived me of all other participation in the gaities of the celebration. Webb Hayes, Colonel Crook, one of the President's secretaries, and a friend of mine made up our party. We sallied forth early the following morning and, as I recall it, shot over the farms above the city, "Westham," "Tuckahoe," and other places. We had a good day's sport. I found both Webb Hayes and Colonel Crook were keen sportsmen, fairly good shots, and excellent fellows. That day laid the foundation of friendships which have lasted ever since. Crook is still at the White House, although his once tawny beard is now white as the snow, and, although I have only seen Hayes once or twice since, we have always remembered each other and exchanged pleasant messages.

The last time I saw President Hayes was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, not long before his death. He had come here to attend some great national celebration, as one of the surviving Presidents. Something took me into the dining room, and as

I passed out an old gentleman with white beard and kindly brown eyes smiled, bowed and pushed back his chair. For a moment I did not recognise him, but soon saw that it was ex-President Hayes and felt flattered at his courteous recognition. He had aged very much; his beard which, when I first knew him, was a rich mahogany brown, had lost all colour; and he had shrunk up, which is to my mind a premonition of the end in persons of his age. He was unattended; Mrs. Hayes was long since dead; his children all married and gone; and, being of the past and not of the present or future, one may be sure not many New Yorkers were paying him attention. Still he was bright and kindly and cheery, and did not seem to feel that he was being neglected. I sat down and had a few minutes' pleasant chat with him, and then we parted—forever.

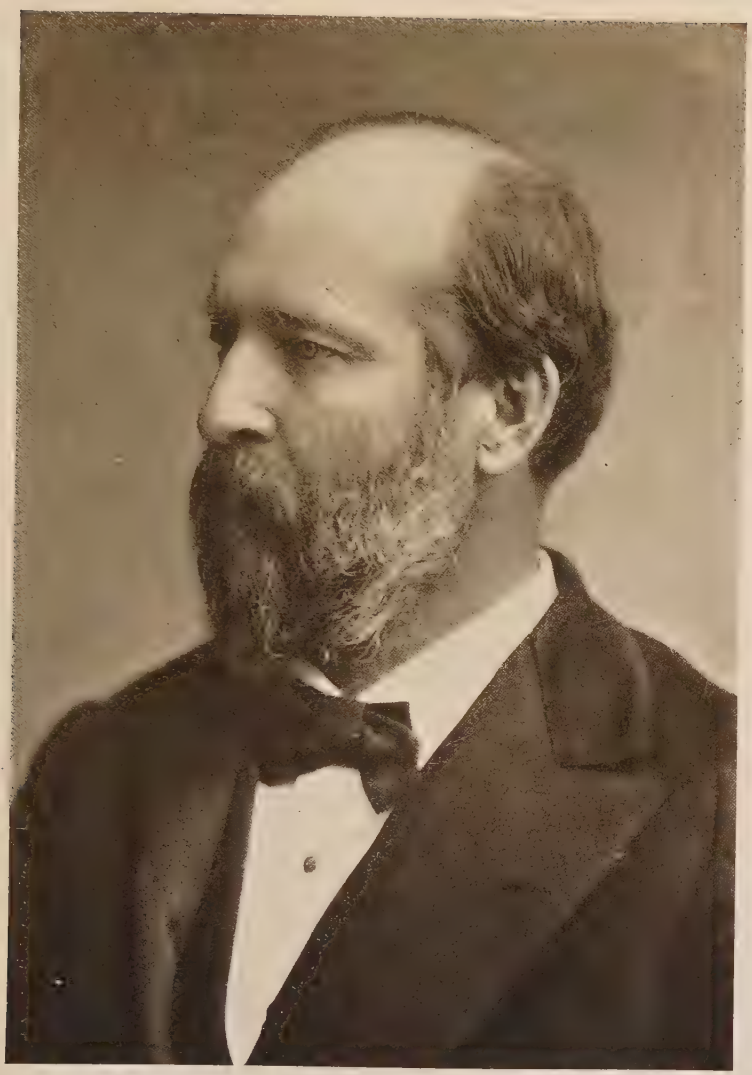
JAMES A. GARFIELD

VIII.—JAMES A. GARFIELD

I NEVER personally met President Garfield but once in my life, and that was soon after his inauguration, at the White House, in the morning hour, when he was receiving Senators and Members. At that time I was not a Member of Congress and do not recall the circumstance which occasioned the visit. I remember that he received me pleasantly, heard whatever I had to say, and spoke in an encouraging way. But I did not like him; did not like his eye. It was a bright, strong eye, but was too light in colour; it was inclined to be what is called a "gander" eye. Physically he was a noble specimen of manhood. He was tall, erect, had a fine head carriage, and the dome of his forehead was much nobler than it is portrayed in any of his portraits. They all make him stouter, coarser, less intellectual than he was. Nobody upon seeing Garfield could mistake him for an ordinary man. Yet from the pictures one sees of him one gathers the impression that he was a somewhat coarse-featured, fat-faced, full-blooded, over-fed man. He was not. He was a well-proportioned, handsome man of gallant, intellectual appearance, and, barring the "gander" eye, was an unusually prepossessing man.

At the time of his inauguration I was becoming much interested in politics. I ran as an Independent candidate for Congress in the Richmond district in 1880 against my cousin, George D. Wise, the regular Democratic nominee, and was beaten badly. I was rapidly becoming a Republican. When Garfield came into power I thought the South should give him a generous support. I sympathised with him in his contest with the New York Senators, and thought Conkling and Platt behaved in a childish and foolish way when they resigned from the Senate. I thought he made a mistake in selecting Blaine for leader of his Cabinet.

Another thing which I did not like about Garfield was his great social intimacy with certain Southern Democratic leaders in Washington, whom I knew to be perfectly hypocritical in their professions of friendship. He was a great fellow for talking with his arm around one's shoulder and calling people by their first names. To see him in Congress with the Southern coterie I have mentioned, one would have imagined they had nothing on earth that was not in common. And they availed themselves of this flattery and cajolery of Garfield to make him help them in a number of their pet measures. That was all right enough, if they had been sincere. But they were not sincere. The same men who would thus fawn about Garfield and call him "Jim," when they wanted his help



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JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

The twentieth president of the United States. Inaugurated March 4, 1881, and shot at Washington by Guiteau, July 2, 1881.

in a Republican house, returned to their Southern districts, in instances within my knowledge, and in their attacks upon the Republican party would include Garfield and accuse him of corruption in the "DeGolyer Contracts" and other matters, utterly regardless of any obligation of friendship. And, when it was all over, back they would go to Washington and appear in the lobbies with their arms about Garfield's neck, joking and making merry with him as if they were his real friends, and he seemed to be flattered by it and not to have sense enough to see through it or self-respect enough to resent such an insult. That was at the foundation of my prejudice against Garfield. I knew what a hypocritical, vindictive, double-faced set these people who were fawning upon him and seemed to have his ear were, and I could not understand how a man of real ability and character and judgment of men could be deceived by them.

But Garfield was a singular character in many ways. Nobody questioned the man's great abilities or his eloquence and power to lead men. Those things were universally conceded to him. But if half the stories current about him in Washington were true, there was an infinite chasm yawning between the real Garfield and the popular ideal of the man. I could not corroborate one of them, if I should venture to repeat it, and therefore will not.

His cruel, tragic, wanton assassination aroused the greatest sympathy and brought forth everything of good that could be said about him. There let the matter rest.

Yet there are many people familiar with Garfield and his time who honestly believe that, so far as his own reputation for the future is concerned, his assassination was a lucky, rather than an unlucky, thing for him.

I remember distinctly the spot where I was standing and the person who told me that Garfield had been shot. It was in Richmond, corner Eleventh and Main streets, in front of the National Bank of Virginia, and James Lyons, Jr., was my informant. I remember also that I was not surprised. The controversy between the President and the New Yorkers had been so rabid that the first idea which occurred to me was that Garfield's death might be in some undefined way associated with that. It was a relief to learn that the horrid thing was only the act of an irresponsible lunatic.

Something again took me to Long Branch while Garfield lay wounded at Elberon. Of course the President's condition was the subject of universal solicitude. From the time I learned the nature of his wound I never entertained a ray of hope that he would recover. Not only from my war experience, but from a large and varied experience as a sportsman and with many kinds

of pets, I had come to the conclusion that no skill would overcome the fatal effect of a columnar intestinal wound like that. By this time my acquaintance with public men was large, and many of them were with me at the hotel at Long Branch. One evening a party of us were talking when an acquaintance, a prominent man, joined our group. He looked solemn and depressed. Some one inquired, "Any news from the President?" "Yes," he answered, "I have just seen him." He then explained that he had visited the President's cottage; that as he was an old friend and knew the surgeons, and as the President was sleeping soundly, they had permitted him to take a look at him from some point where he could see without disturbing him or, perhaps, even entering the room. "Well, what do you think of his condition?" was the eager inquiry from several. He shook his head sadly, and after some reluctance said, "Well, the surgeons still encourage hope, and maybe I know nothing about it. But" —and he paused long before proceeding—"without their reassurance I would look upon him as a dead man now. I never saw such a shocking change in the appearance of any living man. I would never have recognised the President at all. Even his skin has a dried, tanned look like that of a mummy. Oh, my God, it is awful!" and he broke down and wept.

This conversation made a deep impression upon

me. Before I left for New York the next morning another bulletin appeared and, reading between the lines with what I had heard, I felt sure the surgeons were preparing us for the end.

I lunched with a friend that day at Delmonico's café, located at Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway. While we were at luncheon a mutual friend dropped in upon us. Learning that I was just returned from Long Branch, he inquired whether I had any reliable news concerning the President's real condition. When I told him what I knew he inquired eagerly what my engagements were for the next hour or two and, learning that I would be at leisure, requested me to meet him an hour later at the Hoffman House prepared to spend an hour in a visit to a friend. At the time designated he returned in a cab and we were driven to the house on Lexington Avenue then occupied by Vice-President Arthur. The curtains at the front were down as if the house was unoccupied. We were promptly admitted, and the servant told us to go up to the second story back room. There we found Arthur and several friends, among them, if I remember correctly, being Colonel Horace B. Fry, the late Clint. Wheeler and Steve French. It was a bachelor establishment, free and easy, with plenty of tobacco smoke and decanters, and the Vice-President sat upon the side of a bed talking earnestly to one of his friends when I entered.

He greeted me cordially. I knew him even before he was Vice-President. Many a night, when he held one of the Government offices, he had, after the theatre, dropped into Delmonico's with "the boys," for a "high ball," and there I first met him. He married a Virginian, a Miss Herndon from Fredericksburg, and I knew all his Virginia friends and some of his groomsmen, so that was the bond of friendship between us.

Arthur behaved admirably during Garfield's illness. He withdrew from his old haunts and confined himself to his home. His manner when he met me was very quiet and dignified, and showed that he understood full well what the second official in the Nation should do under such circumstances. I told him all I knew, and unhesitatingly expressed the opinion that the President's death was only a matter of a few days at farthest. Our conversation was quite a long one, and then I joined the others in the front room or library. The Vice-President invited me to remain to dinner, but I had another engagement.

Within a week I stood with bared head at the Pennsylvania depot in Washington and saw the bier of Garfield borne from the train, while the Marine Band of about one hundred pieces played the most impressive dirge I ever heard and the air vibrated with the melody of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

IX.—CHESTER A. ARTHUR

My recollections of President Arthur and the times of his administration are among the most agreeable of my young and vigorous manhood. Early in 1882 he appointed me United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and in the autumn of that year I was elected Congressman-at-Large from the State of Virginia, so that I resigned my United States Attorneyship and took up my duties in Washington March 4, 1883. Mrs. Wise accompanied me and we established ourselves at the Arlington Hotel. The Democrats had an overwhelming majority in the House, which gave us Republicans ample time, as we had none of the responsibilities of legislation upon our shoulders. It was a notable House. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky was Speaker, and he was one of the best and fairest speakers the House of Representatives ever had. Of course the Democrats were divided among themselves. They are always divided among themselves. Sam Randall of Pennsylvania, than whom a better fellow never lived, led the tariff wing of the Democrats. Morrison of Illinois, representing the low tariff wing of the Democracy, undertook to frame a tariff bill. Among other Democrats whom I recall with

pleasure and kindness were Abram S. Hewitt, Mr. Holman of Indiana, Sunset Cox of Ohio and New York, R. R. Bland of Missouri, Hatch of the same State, Mortimer Elliott of Pennsylvania, General Slocum of New York, Jack Adams of the same State, John Lamb of Indiana, Springer of Illinois, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, afterward in Cleveland's Cabinet, Governor Oates and General Joe Wheeler, all from Alabama; Clifton Breckinridge of Arkansas, afterward Minister to Russia; Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, afterward Senator; Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, Mr. Dockery, since Governor of Missouri; William McAdoo, then of New Jersey, now Police Commissioner of New York; Benton McMillan, afterward Governor of Tennessee; Roger Q. Mills, afterward Governor and Senator from Texas; John H. Reagan, the Confederate ex-Postmaster General; General William S. Rosecranz of California; and William L. Wilson of West Virginia, afterward prominent under Cleveland's administration, and best known perhaps as author of the Wilson tariff bill.

My Democratic colleagues from my own State were Messrs. Garrison, George D. Wise, Cabell, Tucker, O'Ferrall and Barbour, two of whom, Garrison and O'Ferrall, were seated after contests.

My seat was contested, but it never gave me much concern. The committee, a majority of

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

The twenty-first president of the United States (1881-85)

which was of course Democratic, reported in my favour. Sam Randall had been a playmate of my uncles, John and William Sergeant, when they grew up together in Philadelphia. Nothing pleased him more than to sit up and tell me of the thriving business he and "Bill" Sergeant did raising pigeons in my grandfather's stable loft at the old residence in Fourth Street, when they were boys. His father, Josiah Randall, was a devoted friend of my grandfather Sergeant. When he heard of the contest he sent for Mortimer Elliott of Pennsylvania and Jack Adams of New York, members of the committee, and told them that whatever else happened I was not to be molested. My opponent really had no case, and as the Democrats had about seventy-five majority in the House, and did not want any more, I was never disturbed.

On the Republican side were a great many men who have since achieved national fame. There were Tom Reed of Maine, D. B. Henderson of Iowa; and Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois, all of whom have since been Speakers of the House. And McKinley, who was, toward the end of the term, ousted by Wallace; the present Secretary, James Wilson of Iowa; Judge Goff of West Virginia; John Kean, Jr., now Senator from New Jersey; Hepburn of Iowa; Hiscock, afterward Senator from New York; Knute Nelson, still Senator from

Minnesota; W. D. Washburn, afterward Senator from Minnesota; William Walter Phelps, W. D. (Pig-Iron) Kelley, McComas, afterward Senator from Maryland; Sereno Payne of New York, still in Congress; George W. Ray, now U. S. Judge; Ex-Governor Rice, A. A. Ranney of Massachusetts, and last but not least poor old Belford of Colorado and the redoubtable Tom Ochiltree of Texas. The Virginia delegation as originally returned was six Republicans and four Democrats. There were three contests. The Democrats had everything their own way. They made short shrift of poor old Colonel Bob Mayo, the sitting Republican member in the first district, and seated the contestant, Garrison. In the seventh district O'Ferrall, Democrat, contested John Paul's seat. But before the contest was decided Paul was appointed by President Arthur United States District Judge for the Western District of Virginia, which vacated his seat in Congress, so O'Ferrall rather took it by default. He would probably have secured it in any event. When the Democrats finished with us the delegation stood:

REPUBLICANS

Congressman-at-Large, John S. Wise
2d Dist., Harry Libbey,
4th Dist., Benjamin S. Hooper,
9th Dist., Henry Bowen.

DEMOCRATS

1st Dist., George T. Garrison,
3rd Dist., George D. Wise,
5th Dist., George C. Cabell,
6th Dist., John Randolph Tucker,
7th Dist., Charles T. O'Ferrall,
9th Dist., John S. Barbour.

There was a good deal of bad blood between the representatives of the opposing parties in Virginia, especially during an investigation into the origin and nature of a riot in Danville in which a number of negroes were killed, but on the whole party feeling did not run very high during Arthur's administration.

President Arthur was one of the most loyal Republicans and at the same time one of the "best fellows" I ever knew. He was the soul of kindness and hospitality to his political opponents, but he never permitted them to bamboozle him into doing anything through personal kindness which tended to weaken his party. The Southern Bourbon representatives were then, as they always have been, captivating, companionable men, who, under the guise of social bonhommie, try to reach the higher and better element of Republicanism in the North, to convince it that they are the only real representative or trustworthy people in the South, and that there

must be something radically wrong and out of gear in any Southern man who can bring himself to affiliate with the Republican party there, which, as they put it, is synonymous with combining with negroes to dominate the best people. They are liars and hypocrites, and nobody knows it better than themselves. But they are industrious liars and most plausible hypocrites. They ply their trade through men and through women. The Jesuit priesthood in its palmiest days never devised its sophistries more cunningly or disseminated them more insidiously than does Southern Bourbonism this class of appeal for Northern Republican sympathy. And it is surprising to see what they accomplish by it.

But the thing I admired most about Arthur was that he associated with them, allowed them to practise all their wiles upon him, even left them believing that they had impressed him, saw through and through them, and was not in the least affected by their pharisaical talk, but went right on trying to build up a respectable and real Republican party in the South.

He was peculiarly adapted to deal with that phase of politics. He had married in the South, and had been thrown a great deal with the old Southern aristocracy. In a social way he liked them, and was glad to be kind and hospitable to them, but he had seen enough of them to know that it was just as impossible to make a Republican

out of the average Southern Bourbon Democrat as it is for the leopard to change his spots.

He understood them a great deal better than they did him. He was a great deal more a man of the world than any of them. He had moved in the highest social and in the lowest political circles of the great cosmopolitan, social, political and business centre of this country.

Arthur had a hold upon the machine in his home that had sprung from his having gone in and worked with the "rounders." But he had done this with the same good sense and search for practical knowledge which prompts a refined and wealthy youth who aspires to become ultimately a railroad president to put on a pair of overalls and work in the shops at the most subordinate tasks. On the other hand, in all his social, professional and political relations he had access to and was part of the highest plane of society, and had learned that it was not necessary to bully, antagonise or alienate opponents; that a really strong and diplomatic politician might listen, conciliate, be courteous, and even not contradict an opponent, without weakening in the least his own convictions or purposes.

The dogmatism and provincial inexperience of Bourbonism did not comprehend the patience and suavity of Arthur. They often thought that they had made their impression upon him, and he took no pains to disabuse them. But when the

time came he always showed them plainly that he was not in accord with their ideas, and they could find nothing in anything he said to them on which to hang a pretense that he had excited false hopes.

Arthur was a gentleman himself, and he did not believe it was possible to build up a Republican party in the South which would have a permanent hold there unless he found a better and more representative domestic leadership than it had enjoyed in the past. Nor did he believe he would accomplish much by giving offices to Southern Democrats. His whole simple idea therefore was to find in the South, if he could, respectable Southerners who were Republicans and to commit the party into their hands, to build it up there as a native and domestic and reputable representative of a divided sentiment, and to take it, if need be, out of the hands of men so unidentified with the locality or so personally odious that they drove people out of the party. Speaking to me on one occasion of a class of scalawags, who represent nothing but have been steadily given the offices there since their supposed "loyalty" in war times, he said, "They are mere birds of prey. As well expect the song birds to come and roost on the trees with the hawks that have harried them as to think the Southern people will join a party under their leadership. It would be better to pension them on condition that they come North

than leave them there to repel a following, no matter how good the principles they advocate. We must hunt for Republican leaders in the South, for the future, somewhere else than among the scalawags or the Bourbons. There must be other kinds of people there, and when I find them I want them."

One day I went to the White House and was ushered into the President's dining room, where I found him surrounded by a jolly crowd of Senators and Congressmen, mostly Democratic.

Arthur was a high liver. He was not by any means a drunkard, but he was a typical New York man-about-town, and showed it in his fat and ruddiness. He ate and drank too much, and died young from the effects of over-indulgence. He loved good company, and his high-ball, and his glass of champagne, and his late supper with a large cold bottle and a small hot bird. He enjoyed bright stories, though he was not much of a hand at telling them.

On the occasion referred to, finding myself in such a company of political opponents, I could not help feeling that I might be *de trop*, for it was not everywhere that Democrats and Republicans herded together in those days indiscriminately. But he soon put me at my ease. After a little while the party was broken up and he gave me the wink to remain. On our way to his office he said: "What a pleasant lot of fellows they are.

What a pity they have so little sense about politics. If they lived North the last one of them would be Republicans. But they cannot stop thinking or talking about negroes long enough to think or talk about anything else."

One of the pleasantest and most amusing dinners I ever attended at the White House was given by President Arthur. His sister, Mrs. McElroy, did the honours, and Mrs. Wise received with her. The President escorted Mrs. Wise to dinner. I was escort of his niece, Miss May McElroy. We were consequently quite near the President. The McElroys had but recently returned from a long visit to Europe, and gave us very bright accounts of their experiences in Norway and Sweden. Ours was a jolly company, and the dinner all that one could wish a Presidential banquet to be. A thing occurred which has so often been the subject of jest that I almost fear to tell it. One would hardly think it possible, but it is literally true.

Two rural Congressmen sat near enough for us to see them attempt to spear some small Spanish olives with their forks, and so vigorous was the onslaught made by one of them that the olive sprung out of the dish and landed in the shirt bosom of a guest opposite. We all saw the *contre-temps*, and so amusing was it that we would have exploded with laughter had not the President warned us by his manner and turned off the

matter adroitly. Arthur was a very prince of hospitality, and nothing could betray him into discourtesy.

All through my Congressional career Arthur had been so kind to me and so considerate that I was naturally anxious for him to receive the nomination in 1884. For some reason I did not go to the National Convention. I thought the nomination of Blaine was unwise. Personally Mr. Blaine and I were good friends. He was a brilliant, captivating man and had flattered me in many ways. Among other things he sent me, with an autograph inscription, a copy, bound in turkey morocco, of his "Twenty Years of Congress." But the trouble with Blaine was that those who hated him hated him with a violence such as I have seldom seen any man excite. Thousands admired him and called him the "Plumed Knight" and loaded him with all kinds of flattery, but, on the other hand, hundreds seem to despise him and no base name was too bad for him, and no party loyalty seemed to restrain them.

Now, Arthur was a safe man, and, if he had done nothing particularly brilliant, he certainly had not aroused any such political beehive of stinging hate as Blaine seemed to stir up. The Democrats had done nothing to make them particularly strong, and the Republicans had done nothing to make them particularly weak. So I believed that

we ought to leave good enough alone and nominate Arthur. And I still believe that if we had nominated Arthur he would not only have carried New York but would have been elected.

The National Republican Convention which was to decide whether Arthur or Blaine should lead the Republican forces excited a great deal of interest. The struggle was protracted, but Blaine won. Three men attacked Blaine in a way sufficiently violent to attract the attention of the whole country. One of them was an old politician and something of a chronic kicker, George William Curtis; the other two were youngsters, political colts, so to speak; they were Theodore Roosevelt of New York and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. If notoriety was what these gentlemen were seeking, they attained their object. By the time Curtis and Roosevelt and Lodge had given their reasons for opposing Blaine, not only did the whole country know of them, but the opposition was in full possession of all the material it needed to get up that frightful campaign caricature of Blaine called "the tattooed man," which did as much to beat him as anything else.

When Blaine triumphed in the convention public curiosity at once became aroused to know the attitude which the trio of his assailants in the Convention would assume towards him. Curtis came out against him and soon disappeared from politics. Roosevelt and Lodge fell into line and supported

Blaine, with the ultimate result that one is President and the other Senator from Massachusetts.

The blow of losing the Presidential nomination was a severe one to Arthur. He was a proud, sensitive man. He felt that his party had treated him badly and ignored his faithful services when it supplanted him with Blaine. But Arthur was a strict and loyal party man. He did everything in his power to carry New York for Blaine and was in no way to blame for the failure. If anybody was to blame it was Blaine himself.

Still there were not lacking those who were ready to attribute the loss of New York to Arthur, and knowing his sensitive and punctilious nature, I believe these unjust imputations, added to his disappointment at not receiving the nomination, did much to hasten President Arthur's death.

Now and then one hears people discussing which of the Presidents have been gentlemen. The word has a legal signification in England, which makes it easy to determine who is and who is not a gentleman. In America whether a particular person is or is not a gentleman is largely dependent upon the notions of each person concerning what constitutes a gentleman. But I have yet to hear anybody familiar with the personal attributes of our Presidents, and trying to classify them socially, who did not declare that Chester A. Arthur was a "gentleman," whatever that term may mean in America.

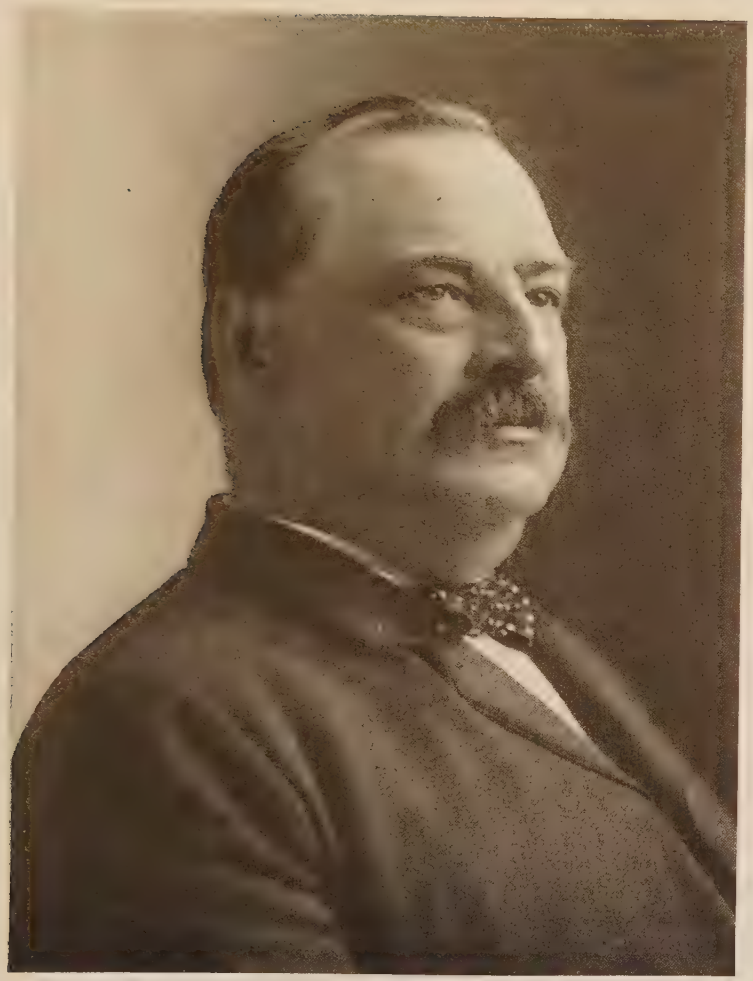
GROVER CLEVELAND

X.—GROVER CLEVELAND

If I treated of the Presidents in the order of my acquaintance with them, I should write of President Harrison before President Cleveland, for I never met Mr. Cleveland until after the expiration of his first term. My service in Congress ended when his, as President, first began, and I left the capital the same day. Blaine's defeat was a great disappointment to me, and I presume I was as narrow and as bitter as the average politician and took myself off home to rub my sore spots. During the first year of Mr. Cleveland's Administration, I was Republican candidate for Governor of Virginia, and of course the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear against me. It was during this campaign that I first held political communication with young Roosevelt. Foraker was running in Ohio, and our two campaigns excited considerable interest. One day I received a kind note, in mourning, written from Centre Moriches, signed Theodore Roosevelt, expressing interest in my campaign and the hope that I might be elected. The mourning was for the first Mrs. Roosevelt, and the writer was only about twenty-nine years of age. I was defeated by the returns for governor,

and removed to New York in the Autumn of 1888, retaining my Virginia residence long enough to vote for President Harrison. Mr. Cleveland also came to New York after the expiration of his first term, and it was here I met him first at some public function. I remember his saying: "Why I knew all the other Wises, George," etc., etc., calling their names. "How is it I never met you before?" To which I laughingly replied: "Mr. President, I did not have anything you wanted and you did not have anything I could get, so I kept away from you." "Oh!" said he good-naturedly, "you are the *bad* one, are you? I know you now." I liked Mr. Cleveland from the first and he has proved in many ways that he reciprocates the feeling. Although I never voted for him, I have a great respect and regard for him, and believe that he made a good President. I do not mean by that to endorse his political views, but I regard him as a sound, conservative statesman, whose chief fault, in the eyes of his followers, was that he was better than his party.

But I do not intend to discuss his politics. My purpose is simply to portray the man as I have known him, and to convey some idea of the man himself. The first time I was ever thrown with him more or less intimately was at a famous dinner given at the Astor House by the late John Russell Young to a number of his friends. Mr. Young was a lovable man and had warm friends



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GROVER CLEVELAND

The twenty-second (and twenty-fourth) president of the United States (1885-89 and 1893-97).

in all parties. The group of people he assembled on the occasion now described was quite remarkable. I remember that General Sherman, Mr. Cleveland, Chauncey Depew, Mr. John W. Mackay, Tom Ochiltree, and many others whose names are now forgotten, were present. They were all people who, at one time or another in their public careers, had felt the generous friendship of Young and had become attached to him. It was a regular love-feast, and we all had a good time. Our common love of field sports brought Mr. Cleveland and myself together as we had never been before, and we promised each other that some day when we could both find time we would go shooting together. After that, whenever we met we were good friends, and once or twice I tried to induce the ex-President to go on shooting trips with me, but something always prevented our going. Finally the Presidential election of 1888 came around, and Cleveland turned the tables upon President Harrison and defeated him. I supported Harrison loyally and ardently, but with a feeling of much greater respect and regard for Mr. Cleveland than I had evinced in prior campaigns; for, differ as one may from him, no man who knows him can fail to realise that there is a great deal of rugged simplicity and real manhood in Grover Cleveland.

Now it so happened that when I lived in Virginia I formed a warm attachment for a deaf-mute.

He was a remarkable character in this, that notwithstanding his infirmity, he was an ardent sportsman and a wonderful handler of dogs. He was bright and pertinacious. He broke dogs with a whistle and by signs; and, unable to yell at them and confuse them, as so many dog-breakers do, his pupils were singularly well-broken. He and I were sworn friends, and I gave him a good many dogs to break. When we first met I wore a tall silk hat, from which he began to refer to me in all his sign language as "Stove-pipe," by which name he continued to call me until he died, only shortening the designation to "S.-p.," as mutes are wont to do. He taught me the sign language, and he also wrote a remarkable hand very rapidly. He was a man of unusual intelligence, interested in literature and politics. I do not think he had very definite political views, but it was sufficient for him to know that his friend "S.-p." was a Republican to make him one also. The poor fellow, in answer to my praise of his excellent information, had always but one reply. He would shrug his shoulders and write: "What good does it do me? I cannot apply my knowledge. There is nothing for a deaf-mute to do." After Harrison's election I aided in having him made postmaster at the little town where he lived. It was a veritable godsend to him. It was the place above all others in the world for which he was peculiarly fitted. He knew every patron of the office, was

methodical, sober, domestic, always at his place, and wrote an excellent hand. Accustomed to study all written or printed matter submitted to him, no instruction or requirement of the Department escaped him, and they told me at the Post-office Department in Washington that his office was really a model in respect to reports, details and the observance of requirements. He was the proudest creature I ever saw. Obtaining that little office and finding that his work in it was so satisfactory to his employers gave him a new hope in life, and made him no longer feel that there was no sphere of usefulness for him by reason of his infirmity. His letters to me were voluminous, and filled with gratitude and renewed hope.

Well, when Cleveland came back into power, the Virginia Democratic Congressmen gave notice that "to the victors belong the spoils." Poor old Turner (that was his name) wrote me doleful letters, telling me the Democrats had their eye on his place and intended to turn him out, not only because he was a Republican but because *I* put him there. He took it philosophically, but showed that he felt no hope. I tried to cheer him up, but really did not know on what ground I could encourage him. One cold evening in the winter of 1892-93, after the Presidential election but before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, I found myself standing at the Rector Street station by the side of Mr. Cleveland. It was snowing and we

were waiting for a train on the elevated road to take us to our homes. I had that very day had a mournful letter from Turner. "Ah! Mr. President," said I cheerily, "this is an unexpected pleasure! Unless you are so proud of your victory that you will not speak to Republicans." "Hello, Wise," said he in the most democratic fashion. "Oh, no, I'm not so proud. I think you may be regarded as no longer dangerous." The train came up and we took seats side by side. I said something pleasant of a personal nature, and we soon began to talk about shooting. He remarked that it was a fine day for brant shooting. "Mr. President," said I, "if any one had told me I would be holding up my plate for soup to you some day I think I would have resented it, but here I am among the earliest wanting a favour." I then told him about the deaf-mute who was such a fine dog-trainer. That interested him, particularly the way the man used his whistle and made signs with his hands. I then told him the story of his appointment and the pride he felt in his post-office, as told above. He listened attentively and finally said: "Of course he ought not to be turned out. If it was *you*, of course you'd have to go. But robbing a poor devil like that of the only thing he is fit for would not be politics but petty meanness. I cannot remember things like this, but when I name my Postmaster General you see him, and if he doesn't help you I will."

So Mr. Cleveland and I parted at his station better friends than ever.

Soon after his inauguration and the announcement of his cabinet, I, being in Washington on other business, called upon Mr. Bissell, Postmaster General, and began to tell him of the case of J. Marshall Turner, postmaster at Walkerton, Va., and of my desire to have him retained. He interrupted me with the query, "Didn't you say something about this to the President?" "Yes, I did," I replied. "But it was a long time ago and I had no idea he remembered it." "Well, I do not think he remembered the details, but he told me that if Wise came to see me I must help him. And this is the case, is it?" said he laughing, and adding, "You and Mr. Cleveland and the dog-breaker. Go and see Maxwell, Fourth Assistant. He'll help you." So I hied myself to Maxwell, a New Yorker and good fellow. "I'll help you," said he. "I'll lose the papers, and it will be a long time, I promise you, before anybody finds them." Thanking him, and feeling sure from my knowledge of how such things are done that it would be a long time before they turned Turner out, I wrote him to be of good cheer. When I bade him hope he thought I was a magician. Fully twelve months went by and I heard no more of Turner, by which I knew that he was still in office. One day, as I was preparing to go to Washington on other business, I received a telegraphic wail: "I am

turned out. See Richmond paper." In half an hour a Democratic paper published in Richmond was placed in my hands. It had a flaming announcement:

BOUNCED AT LAST! WISE'S MAN MUST GO!

CONGRESSMAN JONES TRIUMPHS AFTER A HARD FIGHT

Then the paper proceeded to narrate what a valiant and protracted battle Congressman Jones had made to obtain this office for a worthy Democrat, against my wily tricks to keep Turner in, and how, at last, I had been vanquished and a new man, whose name I have forgotten, had been appointed. I laughed heartily, for I am sure I had not heard a word about Turner or his post-office for a twelvemonth. But there had been battles royal in Washington.

The next day, when I finished the business which took me to the capital, I called at the Post-office Department, and first sought out Mr. Maxwell. He met me with a broad grin, and said: "Well, old fellow, I did the best I could. I held the papers until a peremptory demand that I should find them came from the Postmaster General." "Thank you, thank you," said I. "I know you did your best. Now tell me, what is the matter with the Postmaster General?" "Why, man alive,

that Congressman down there has made his life a burden," said he, giving me some details of Mr. Jones's importunities. "You see the Postmaster General," said he, "he'll tell you all about it." "One word more," said I, "and I'll go. Has the bond of the new postmaster been approved?" "No." "Has his commission been signed?" "No." "Will you hold them until you hear from me?" "Yes, if you let me hear to-day." "Good," said I, and went to the Postmaster General. Mr. Bissell was a large and not a very suave man, and when I entered his office showed that he was not glad to see me. His first greeting was, "Well, sir, I know what you have come to see me about, and I want to say to you that I think you have been shown all the consideration which a Republican is entitled to from a Democratic Administration. In the effort to protect your man, I have submitted to more abuse and insult from Congressman Jones than I have received from anybody since I entered upon the duties of this office. He has gone so far that I ought to have ordered him out of the office. But, finally, thinking I may have treated him badly, I concluded to give it up and appoint his man, and I can do no more for you. It is not worth while for you to protest." I saw his temper, and felt sorry for the way he had been annoyed. "Mr. Postmaster General," said I gently, "you misapprehend me. I am not here to chide you or to protest. I am here to thank you

for all you have done, and to express my regret that I have caused you so much annoyance and raised such a storm around you." It was the soft answer that turns away wrath. Seeing that he was mollified, I added gently, "Have you approved the new man's bond?" "No." "Have you signed his commission?" "No." "When will those things be done in the ordinary course of business, Mr. Postmaster General?" I ventured this last inquiry in the most seductive way. "Why, as soon as they go through the regular routine. In a day or so, I presume," he answered gruffly. "Well now, Mr. Postmaster General, I know how good you have been to me. Is it stretching your kindness too far to ask you to hold up these signatures for twenty-four hours, so as to enable me to see the President?" "See the President!" he exclaimed. "You don't think the President will mix up in a matter of this size do you?" "Hardly," said I; "but then he *might*. Will you not wait for me?" He mused a minute and then, whirling his revolving chair about, said: "All right! I'll wait a day. And after the way that Congressman treated me, I don't care what the President does." I tipped the wink to Maxwell as I went out of the Department, and hurried, in a cab, to the White House.

I found the President surrounded by Democratic magnates. One of his feet was in a great cloth shoe, for he was recovering from an attack of

gout. He greeted me cordially, pointed to a large sofa near a window, and bade me sit down and read the paper until he was through with his visitors. It was a beautiful spring morning and the sunlight lit up Arlington, and the monument, and the Potomac. Out on the lawns the great red-breasted robins were hopping about, bobbing for worms. It was an ideal day for shooting—snipe shooting at Jamestown. It seemed an interminable time before the last of his visitors withdrew, and then he limped over to me with his lower lip pouted out and curled, as is his wont when in a good humor. "Sorry I kept you so long," said he, taking a seat beside me. I answered back, "Oh, get through with your janissaries, and prebendaries and stipendiaries, Mr. President, and come with me." He chuckled and repeated to himself, "Janissaries, and prebendaries and stipendiaries," and then said, "Well, what is it?" "Snipe!" said I. "Come on; I have a private car all ready, loaded with black-tailed deer, and woodcock, champagne, and everything. We'll slip out of here quietly and go to Williamsburg, drive thence to Jamestown Island and have a bully time. Look out of the window, Mr. President. Look at the haze. It actually smells like snipe."

May the Lord forgive me for that Munchausen story about the private car. I had nothing of the kind. But if the President had consented the car would have been there, for dear old Frank Thom-

son, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, loved hunting as well as we did. He and I had been out several times, and a telegram would have brought him whirling into Washington with car and all. The yearning look given by Cleveland at my bidding was almost pitiful. With a deep sigh he said, "Gads, I wish I could. No, can't go. No use. And even if I could, I've promised another man." Seeing that there was no chance of his going, and having him in a good humor, I settled down to business. "Mr. President," said I, "they are trying to kill my little ewe lamb." "What's your little ewe lamb?" he blurted out with a perplexed look. Then I told him of the row at the Post-office Department. As I proceeded I saw a negative cloud settling on his face. Finally, when I grew eloquent and said "Turning that poor devil out is like striking a woman," he interrupted me, saying, "Look here, Wise, do you think I was put here to settle rows over fourth-class postmasters? What can I do?" I knew how stubborn old Grover is when combed the wrong way, and I thought my case was lost. "Now, Mr. President," said I, "you ask 'What can I do?' You can, if you will, do the nicest little thing you ever did in your life, and it will not be very troublesome. Just write on a card: 'Postmaster General: Take no further action concerning Walkerton post-office until you hear from me.' Sign this and give it to me and I'll forgive you for going back on me about

that snipe hunt." He set his head sideways and his face rippled into a smile. He said: "No. You leave the address and I'll write the letter. I must go now." I thanked him and was withdrawing when he called me back. "Say, for fear the letter may not reach there in time, you'd better drive by the Department and tell Bissell it's coming." Nobody ever did a kindness more graciously than Mr. Cleveland. Certain of the result, I returned to New York after calling at Mr. Bissell's office as directed by the President. When I told Mr. Bissell, he said: "Glad of it. Now Jones and the President can fight it out. But, Mr. Wise," added the Postmaster General, "the charge is that your man is an 'offensive partisan,' and that he talks politics." Stealing close to him I said impressively, in a low voice: "Whatever other charge I may be unable to disprove, I can knock that charge into a cocked hat. My man is *deaf and dumb*." I never afterward met Secretary Bissell that he did not ask me if my man was still *talking* politics. When I reached home I wrote Turner that he was all right provided he did not talk politics. Turner died in office long after McKinley's election, and I told him to hang Grover Cleveland and Harrison's pictures side by side. He always had nicknames for his favourites. His name for Mr. Cleveland was "Old Durham." He said he looked like John B. Davis's (a neighbour of his) Durham bull, which he admired greatly.

In time the President's abbreviated name in all our correspondence became "O. D.," just as mine was "S.-p." Another year passed by and I heard no more of Turner and his office.

One day, on the cars, Holmes Conrad, a Democrat, met me. He was an office-holder under Cleveland in Washington. "Look here," said he, "what sort of a pull is this you have with the 'old man'?" "Pull? Old man?" said I, for I was not thinking of the subject. "What pull? What old man?" "Why, Mr. Cleveland, of course," said he. "That's what we call him." "I have not seen Mr. Cleveland for six months," said I. "What are you talking about?" "Harry Tucker told me all I know," replied Conrad laughing. "He says you whipped out the whole Virginia delegation." Curious to hear more, I probed him, and he told me the following: "Harry Tucker says that some months ago Billy Jones called upon him and the other Virginia members to go up with him to the White House in a body to see the President about a post-office concerning which he considered himself badly treated. So on a certain morning they assembled and demonstrated in force. They were all there and Jones was to be spokesman. Old Grover seemed to be in a very good humor. 'Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you,' said he smiling. 'Mr. President,' began Jones, 'we have come to see you about a matter in which I think I have been badly treated.

It is concerning the post-office at Walkerton.' As he uttered the word Walkerton the President's whole manner changed. He looked at Jones and said sharply: 'What's the name of the postmaster?' 'Turner,' was the reply. 'Is he deaf and dumb?' inquired the President. 'Yes.' 'And you want to turn him out?' Said he, 'Yes.' 'Well that ends it! I won't do it. There are 2,000 post-offices in Virginia. You may have 1,999 of them. This one is mine. D - n Walkerton. That man is deaf and dumb. And he breaks John Wise's dogs. Turning him out would be as mean as striking a woman. I will not do it. Good-day, gentlemen.' And he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving them utterly dumbfounded."

It was the first I had heard of it. It probably explains in some degree why Congressman Jones became an enemy of Cleveland, and how he became such an ardent silverite and advocate of Bryan.

One night, years afterward, I told the story in a party at which Mr. Cleveland was present, and he laughed his jolly, shaking laugh, commenting at its conclusion: "Those fellows made as big a row over that little post-office as if it had been First Auditor of the Treasury."

Since the retirement of Cleveland from office, I have seen much more of him than ever before, and I have always found him a congenial companion and kind friend. In order to appreciate

him one must have been with him as I have. On two occasions he has honored me by visits to my shooting and fishing place in Virginia. First of all he is a thorough sportsman. I have seen his patience tried both as fisherman and gunner, and in this quality he is perfect. He has had as good wild-fowl shooting as any man in the United States, yet I have known him to sit on a calm, sunshiny day, in a duck-blind for ten consecutive hours, with nothing but a simple luncheon to break his fast and nothing but whistlers and buffle-heads coming in to his decoys, and return home at night with nothing but a dozen "trash" ducks, as the gunners call them, as content and uncomplaining as if he had enjoyed real sport. Then, on a fishing excursion, I have seen him when the boat went aground; when the bait gave out; when the oil in the steam-launch became exhausted and we were delayed several hours; when we were caught in a summer squall; in all sorts of trying and worrying predicaments; and no man in the party took his "streak of lean along with his streak of fat" more stoically or more complacently than Mr. Cleveland. On one of our excursions a dear little fellow from the neighbourhood was of the party. He had good dogs, and had joined us to aid in giving the ex-President good sport. He was the very opposite of Mr. Cleveland in physique. The two conceived a great fancy for each other, and as Mr. Cleveland was

particularly anxious to do some quail shooting they sallied forth together, presenting a most amusing contrast as the big ex-President walked along with a companion at his side looking like his little boy. But the birds had been badly shot off, and the ex-President was not a first-class pedestrian, so I think they had but indifferent sport. To my surprise, I found that Mr. Cleveland ate very moderately and was even abstemious in the use of liquors. In the latter respect he has been grossly misrepresented. He shone best in the evening gatherings, when the cigars were lit and merry conversation went round. He is one of those men who loves companionship, and seems to inspire good fellowship without at any time taking an active part in the conversation himself. What he most enjoyed was a game of cribbage with his devoted friend, Commodore Benedict, while the others of us kept up a running fire of anecdote and reminiscence. He seems to possess the faculty of paying attention to his game and at the same time enjoying to the full the conversation about him. I think I never saw any man who delighted as he does in negro dialect stories, and I had one story about the burial of Corporal Billy Gilliam which the President has made me repeat to him I think a dozen times. I can see him now, in fancy, with his eyes shut until they were like mere slits in his face, his expressive mouth puckered in laugh-provoking merriment and his body shaking all over, as I told him

about the band burying Billy to the tune of "Hop Light, Ladies." There is, too, a serious and most attractive side to the ex-President, which I will venture to mention. In our strolls about the beautiful Cape, we sometimes talked of the difficulties of the Presidential office. I recall one evening when we were out walking alone. He was interested in some of the farm work, and we had been to inspect it. The sun had set across the noble Chesapeake, which lies to westward, and we strolled along in the brilliant afterglow. He enjoyed the sight of the water and the great pines and the light of the gloaming. Suddenly he said: "Do you know that I ought to have a monument over me when I die?" "I am sure of that, Mr. President," I answered, "but for what particular service?" "Oh! Not for anything I have ever done," said he, "but for the foolishness I have put a stop to. If you knew the absurd things proposed to me at various times while I have been in public life, and which I sat down—and sat down hard—upon, you would say so too!" I knew full well that what he said was true, and, although I need not enter into any details, this country does owe Mr. Cleveland an everlasting debt of gratitude for having driven what President Harrison described as a "wild team" safely to the end of his journey.

I observed in Mr. Cleveland an inexpressible tenderness for his family. He frequently talked in the sweetest way of his wife and his children.

The political world has never dealt kindly with Mr. Cleveland. The press has seemed at times to delight in circulating rumours and aspersions about his family relations. No doubt at times Mr. Cleveland has been brusque and peremptory—rude, if you like the term better—with certain people, but that gave them no excuse for lying about him, invading the sanctity of his domestic life, and circulating false stories about his wife and children. Perhaps it was done with devilish malignity to wound him in a point where they knew he was vulnerable. For, much as the public has been encouraged to look upon Mr. Cleveland as incapable of the finer sensibilities, I never saw a man who had family pride and affection more fully developed, or who felt more keenly the injustice of such assaults. This sort of attack, mean and low as it is, brings malice its satisfaction, and the public little knows the torture which it inflicts upon public men. Few men are exempt from its virus. Perhaps no two men of our day were generally supposed to be more impervious to the sting of slander than General Benjamin F. Butler and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. I knew them both well, and I can truly say that I believe they were about as thin-skinned and sensitive to criticism as any two men I ever saw, and that it made them as wretched as any two men I ever knew. I have not mentioned them in connection with Mr. Cleveland because there was any sort of similarity

between them and him, but to emphasize the point that this sort of traduction is a powerful instrument of torture to men in public life, and that it is a great mistake to imagine that its falsehood, or their vanity or insensibility or even consciousness of right, much lessens the sting of its injustice.

I had an opportunity of seeing how it had embittered Mr. Cleveland. On one occasion, soon after President McKinley's death, we were discussing it, and all agreed that it was a sad, sad thing to see a man so happy and with so much to live for, and so beloved, cut down in the bloom of his life and strength. Mr. Cleveland took part in the conversation. "I don't know," said he "whether, after all, McKinley's life, sad as was its ending, was not, taking into consideration everything, to be envied. It is true he was struck down by an assassin. But he never was 'assassinated' in his lifetime. Think of the kindness with which he and his wife were always treated while he lived. There was nothing lovable and kind that could be uttered about him or her which was not said at all times. Somehow he seemed to possess the faculty of evoking charitable judgment and kind treatment. If I could have had that sort of thing as long and as uniformly as he did, I believe I would have been willing to pay the price he has paid. I do not understand how some men have the milk of human kindness always offered to their lips, while others, without

deserving less charitable treatment, have the cup of gall and wormwood thrust upon them constantly. Bodily death is by no means the worst torture which a man can suffer. The torture of lies and misrepresentations affecting what is dearest to us in life is infinitely worse than the mere physical pain of dying." I do not pretend that these were his exact words, but they give the substance of his speech, and when I heard that cry of a strong man in his agony I wished that every kindly heart in this broad land could have heard it. It would have been a final refutation of the dirty and disreputable falsehoods which small malice has industriously whispered against him and his loved ones at times, even in the remotest corners of the land he has served so well. But thank God such calumnies have never undermined the faith of the people in the manhood, the integrity, the honesty of Cleveland. With the single exception perhaps of his young successor, Roosevelt, he has a stronger hold upon the masses than any man in all America, and the importance he gave to the slanders referred to sprang, perhaps, in great degree from over-sensitiveness.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

XI.—BENJAMIN HARRISON

I KNEW General Harrison for some years before he was elected to the Presidency.

He was a Senator from Indiana when I was in the lower house. His wife was a daughter of Doctor Scott, who had been professor at Washington College, Pennsylvania, when my father was a student there, and remembered him well and kindly. The Harrison family and our own in Virginia were connected in many ways, and Senator Harrison was my political friend and a firm believer in the possibility of building up a strong, respectable Republican party in Virginia. From all these causes I knew him fairly well—as well, I presume, as most people knew him, for he was not an approachable man and had few intimate friendships. Benjamin Harrison illustrated a phase of human nature which is very common. He seemed desirous of being considered just what he was not and that which he could not be, however hard he might try—a Virginia Harrison. True, his grandfather was a Virginia Harrison. The Senator, while not ostentatious about it, loved to talk with those he knew well, about the Virginia Harrisons and was evidently proud, and justly so, of a connection which included

so many typical and representative Virginians. In a word, in his innermost heart it pleased him to feel that he was one of them. He did indeed have two prominent traits of the Harrisons, for he was fond of shooting and a religious enthusiast, and many of them have been sportsmen and religious enthusiasts. He utterly lacked another prominent family trait, for many of the Virginia branch have dearly loved whisky. My father, who knew them all and loved them, but had a way of saying what he pleased, generalized Harrison traits by saying that he never knew a Harrison who was not a gentleman, but that they were inclined to run to extremes—some in the love of God, and others in the love of whisky. It was a great and a good family of people, and the individuals composing it were lovable, whether possessed by spiritual or spirituous fervour. The pride of General Harrison in being a member of it was perfectly natural. But he overlooked the fact that he had a mother as well as a father, when he thought he was a Virginia Harrison. His mother was from a typical New England family, and if there is a place in the world where the New Englander is more of a New Englander than he is in New England, it is the Western Reserve of Ohio, where Benjamin Harrison was born and reared by a mother of New England descent.

In appearance, in manners in everything but name, he was as unlike a Virginian as a man

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Twenty-third president of the United States (1889-93).

could well be. I must not be understood as inferring by this that it was to his disadvantage. I simply state the fact without drawing or inferring any conclusion from it, because I think he would have liked to be considered just what he was not.

The Virginia Harrisons were as a class fine, strapping men. In my day I recall many handsome specimens. There was old Mr. Peyton Harrison of Clifton, who looked like Moses or Aaron; Mr. William B. Harrison of Brandon, a singularly lovable man; Julian Harrison, the handsomest officer in Stuart's cavalry; "Red" Randolph of Elk Hill, and "Black" Randolph of Amphill; William M. Harrison and Wirt Harrison of Richmond; and Carter Harrison, "Black George," "Big George," "Little George," Burleigh and Shirley, and Lord knows how many more. All large-framed, open-eyed, splendid specimens of men. Some spiritually and some spirituously inclined, but all gentlemen of singular suavity and all typical Virginians. I never saw but one Virginia Harrison resembling the President in physique, and that was the late Dr. George Byrd Harrison, formerly of Brandon, but for years before his death of Washington, D. C.

Benjamin Harrison was in stature a small man. He was what, in horses, would be known as an undersized, pony-built sorrel, with flaxen mane and tail. He did not look either strong or healthy. His hair and beard and eyelashes were sandy and

had a sunburnt look. He was dish-faced, and his eyes were small, bright, and with a cunning look that gave little outward expression of the great power which the man unquestionably possessed. His form was not imposing. He was generally attired in a black, double-breasted coat buttoned across an obtrusive up-standing little stomach. He showed an inclination to round shoulders, and stood reared back, creating the impression of a small man trying to look large. During his Senatorial days he was an unsociable, solitary, dreamy man. I have more than once observed him pacing up and down the grass-plot in front of his Washington residence, his hands interlocked behind him, looking as if lost in dreams and abstractions, and at such times his most intimate friend might pass near him without receiving the slightest recognition. Respect everybody had for him, but few felt any affection for him. He was an industrious worker in the Senate and wielded decided influence. He was a well-trained, sound and astute lawyer. In private conversation his voice was inclined to a nasal drawl, but this disappeared when he spoke in public. There was a coldness and indifference in his manner in private which was very repellent, and absolutely different from the effect he produced when speaking. He was not only one of the wisest men of his time in all his public utterances, but, in public speaking, he warmed up and

grew up to his thoughts in such manner that none of his contemporaries surpassed him in the power of arousing the enthusiasm of an audience.

The story was told—how true it was I do not know—that in one of his railroad campaigns through Indiana he was making a series of those remarkable speeches for which he became famous, and at every place he stopped the crowds who listened would become wildly enthusiastic. Then he would hold a reception in the car and the people, after shaking hands with him, would pass out of the other end of the car silent and depressed, as if suffering from a chill. A wag in the party, who was particularly anxious that the good effect of his speech should not be lost in a certain town, pulled the bell-rope and started the train as soon as Harrison stopped speaking. When chided for it he said: "Don't talk to me. I know my business. Ben Harrison had the crowd red-hot. I did not want him to freeze it out of them with his hand-shaking."

This peculiarly repellent manner of General Harrison was the subject of constant ridicule among his political adversaries. The following quip of a bright young Democratic Congressman from Indiana is too good to omit. One day I mentioned a talk I had had with the then Senator. "Did he look you in the eyes?" asked the young Congressman. "Really I cannot say whether he

did or not," said I. But I had noticed this peculiarity. In talking to one the Senator had the habit of looking down, or looking over one's shoulder, or looking away, as if in abstraction, only glancing at his interlocutor now and then with a sort of furtive or secretive or cunning look. "Oh! Get out," said the saucy fellow. "You know he didn't. He never does. He reminds me of the pig that sees the wind." "Now what do you mean by that?" I exclaimed, my curiosity excited. He answered: "Why, you were raised in the country. Don't you know how the pigs in winter time, when a nor'easter is blowing, stand with their noses pointing to the breeze and with eyes half shut, squeal and squeal. When the niggers see 'em doing that they say, 'Dar, look at him. He can *see* de wind.' That's just like Ben Harrison when he's talking to you."

Another thing about Senator Harrison was the impression which he created that he was not a happy man. He certainly ought not to have been a disappointed man, for in most things he was blessed; and he may not have been unhappy, but he did not seem to be possessed of great capacity for happiness. He had a sweet home and a lovely wife and daughter and was devoted to his little grandchild, whom everybody knew as "Baby McKee." But he no doubt had his disappointments, as other people have, and we will not discuss what they were. When the National

Republican Convention of 1888 assembled in Chicago, I went from Virginia with a contesting delegation, and as the result of the contest became chairman of the Virginia delegation. The prominent candidates were Mr. Sherman, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Gresham. General Harrison had a fair local support, and General Alger's friends put him forward with great enthusiasm. If ever a man deserved a nomination for long and faithful service it was John Sherman. All my predilections were for him. But he never had the ghost of a show. In the first place, the cold temperament of Mr. Sherman prevented his having ardent friends. The Ohio delegation was not united in sincere advocacy of his claims, and some of them were ready, from the start, to desert him for Blaine or Harrison or McKinley. At one time a demonstration was started in the Convention in favour of McKinley which might have assumed formidable proportions, but he rose in his seat and in an impassioned way begged the Convention not to put him in a false position. He said that no power on earth would tempt him to betray his aged friend, Mr. Sherman, and that it was an outrage upon him to place him in the attitude of even submitting quietly to such a suggestion. But the Alger men had no qualms of conscience about making inroads upon Mr. Sherman's delegates. Alger's people opened a fine headquarters, and the way the Southern negro delegates, who had come

instructed for Sherman, swarmed to the Michigan man's standard and came away bearing Alger badges on their breasts was the very irony of fate. Sherman had championed the rights of the black man for thirty years; yet, when the time to reward him came, they betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver, in the face of positive instructions. Such treatment must have embittered his last days.

It was evident that Sherman must be dropped, and Alger never had any chance. Gresham had friends, but that he also was weak and had enemies was demonstrated by an episode that occurred with Colonel Bob Ingersoll. Ingersoll was not a delegate, but in the recess of the Convention distinguished men were called upon to make short addresses. No man had a higher reputation as a platform orator than Ingersoll and he was exceedingly popular. When he came to the speakers' stand there was a whirlwind of applause, which was converted into absolute silence as he began to speak. His utterances caught the immense gathering from the start, and after he saw he had his audience well in hand he began to picture, in his inimitable way, his conception of the qualities which an ideal President should possess. It was a gorgeous piece of imagery, and we almost caught our breath as he reached his climax. Then, with an impressive pause, he rose to his full height and exclaimed: "If asked who,

in all America, possesses preëminently these transcendent attributes of statesmanship, I would answer, without a moment's pause, Walter Q. Gresham!"

There was a moment of silence, for the trick was so deftly turned that the real significance of all he had been saying was not comprehended until that instant. Then pandemonium broke loose. Of course the Greshamites tried to cheer, but everybody not for Gresham felt that Ingersoll had availed himself of a courtesy to usurp the function of a delegate and create a diversion in favour of his friend. There were yells, and hisses, and cat-calls, and cries of "put-him-out," and cheering for every other candidate, until Ingersoll, after vainly trying to proceed, left the platform and came out of the Auditorium, mad as a hatter and denouncing the crowd in such a string of oaths as only he could invoke. Ingersoll felt that insult all his life, and I never thought he was as enthusiastic a Republican afterward. It was perhaps the only time in his whole life that an audience broke away from the spell of his captivating oratory and refused to listen to him further, although he had often spoken shocking things to hostile hearers.

Blaine was abroad and in bad health. But he had a majority of the convention. Some of his friends established communication with him. I think he was in Florence. They beseeched him

to allow them to use his name, and assured him of the numination. While awaiting his response an informal conference was held, presided over by Foraker of Ohio, to ascertain how many votes might be relied upon for Blaine if his name was placed in nomination. Some amusing things occurred. There was an inquiry by States. When Louisiana was called, a coal-black giant arose, and this is about what he said: "Mr. Cheerman, I don't hardly know how to answer for Looseanner. When we fust cum here we wus all for Mr. Blaine. He is de chile o' our hearts. But when de news wus dat he weren't gwine to be in de runnin' de boys begun to do a little stroke of business fur derselves, an' I kaint rightly tell you jess how de delligashun will stand on de *fust* ballot, fur I expects a good many o' de boys has made dere contracks fur at least one mo' ballot and wouldn't like to break 'em. But, sir, I knows wher dar hearts is, and, if you'll jess give 'em time to plow out dere rows, I is sho' dey'll all be back to Mr. Blaine by de time de *second* ballot comes." A roar of laughter greeted this announcement.

Blaine's answer came, positively declining the nomination on the score of ill health. He was right, for he died soon afterward. Then we determined to unite on Harrison, and he was soon nominated. Immediately in front of us sat the Vermont delegation. It was solid from first to last in favour of Harrison, and Redfield Proctor,

the chairman, never failed, one very roll-call, to deliver in deep stentorian voice this answer: "Vermont casts her eight votes solidly for Benjamin Harrison." When on the final ballot Harrison won, Mr. Proctor received a great ovation, and Harrison made him his Secretary of War. I there formed a friendship with Mr. Proctor which has lasted until the present day.

It fell to my lot to make one of the speeches in the Convention, ratifying Harrison's nomination. Everybody was feeling well and I did my best. It must have been a taking speech, for although it was made nearly seventeen years ago, I still meet men who recall with flattering vividness my description of the Virginia thoroughbred now unblanketed and led out upon the track to contest for the great prize with the long-fetlocked New York Conestoga.

The speech was only extemporaneous, and I thought at the time it was original. Since then, reading over again Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," I have often wondered how far it influenced me in the picture I drew. I had not read it for some time at the time I made the speech, but am satisfied that the pigeon-holes of memory are so full in the mind of every man who reads much that he frequently uses their stores without being conscious of the fact.

At any rate, the speech put me in the good graces of General Harrison, and he wrote me a

nice letter of acknowledgment to my then home in Richmond, Virginia. Afterward he sent my oldest son to West Point, a position which he could hardly have hoped for if he had depended on Congressional appointment. I removed to New York to live in the autumn of 1888, and business called me to Indianapolis before General Harrison's inauguration. He welcomed me very kindly to his home, and I had a pleasant dinner with the family. One little circumstance I recall most vividly. General Harrison prided himself upon his carving. He had a turkey before him, and whetted his knife with great particularity. He was an adept, but worked differently from anyone else I ever saw carve. With a very sharp knife he sliced the breast of the bird, at right angles to the breast-bone, until it was thoroughly divided. Then he made a deep incision lengthwise along the line of the breast-bone, and with the full length of the blade separated the whole half of the breast from the body and lifted it to a dish, where it lay already carved transversely. "Did you ever see anybody else do that?" said he, with manifest pride. I truthfully told him that I never did, and I'm glad I did not, for cross-cut turkey is not half as good as turkey carved with the fibre of the flesh.

Soon after his inauguration the President notified me of his purpose to nominate my son as a cadet to West Point. His kindness was too prompt. I had not expected the honour until the following

year. The boy was very young, almost too young, to go. I thanked the President and inquired whether I might not postpone acceptance until the following year. He gave me no encouragement to hope for another designation and said there were others waiting, so as it was a "now-or-never" offer, I accepted, and for five years that boy, who was too young to have been sent there, hung by the skin of his eyelids to the Military Academy, and finally graduated. During all that time I was in an agony of apprehension lest he should fail, and since his graduation have given West Point a wide berth. It is the coldest, hardest spot on earth, absolutely free from all sentimental consideration in its exaction that every cadet shall attain a certain standard. Of course that is right. It is what makes West Point what it is. But it does not make it a cheerful, loving place for anybody, especially anybody in trouble. The wheels go round, and anybody who falls under them is ground to powder without even a glance backward at the remains.

President Harrison was the only man I ever saw who could do another man a favour in such a way that all the sweetness and appreciation and sense of gratitude was gone from it, and this was the trouble with him in many instances. His personal characteristics alienated many who would otherwise have supported him. Mrs. Harrison died during the latter part of his term, so near indeed

to the time of election that I do not doubt his inability on that account to make a series of campaign speeches contributed largely to his defeat. Shortly before the election I had occasion to write to him upon a matter somewhat confidential, pertaining to the conduct of his canvass and received a characteristic letter which, while it was exceedingly kind, shows the sublime self-confidence of the man. Somehow he did not possess the faculty of attaching subordinates to him. And while his selections of his Cabinet were in the main wise, many of his smaller appointments were of men who were not loyal to him and who misrepresented him. At times, when he detected them, he was very direct and offensive to them. I recall an instance in which a subordinate had made representations to me which upon conference with the President I found were untrue. Unfortunately for the offender, he put in an appearance while I was in the President's office and, being interrogated in my presence, could not deny his guilt. I never heard anybody rebuke another more severely than the President rebuked him; but for some reason, perhaps political, the fellow was retained. He ought to have been summarily dismissed. He was a traitor to the Administration before that, and no doubt hated the President afterward. The service was filled with men like him, and the secret influence of such antagonists no doubt contributed to President Harrison's defeat.

President Harrison was not a great man. He possessed political sagacity to a marked degree, and in that sense may be justly classed as a wise man; but his was the wisdom of intense selfishness and caution, which distinctly differs from the broad, generous wisdom of really great men.

He was in no sense a bad man. On the contrary, he commanded the respect and the confidence of those who knew him most intimately. But there was a singular lack of personal magnetism in the man or enthusiasm for the man, even among those who were his ardent political supporters.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

XII.—WILLIAM McKINLEY

One of the first men with whom I became acquainted when I entered the House of Representatives as a member was William McKinley, then called by all his associates Major McKinley, and it came about in this wise:

At the close of the war a gentleman named Louis Schaefer, a resident of Canton, Ohio, opened a correspondence with my father. Mr. Schaefer was one of the best men I ever knew. He was a German. Although he resided in Ohio he thoroughly sympathised with the South throughout the war, and now that she was defeated he expressed himself as anxious to contribute out of his abundance to the relief of her poverty. Soon after the war ended he and his wife visited Richmond for the sole purpose of meeting my father personally. At his home in Canton he was universally regarded as a public-spirited citizen, and although his views antagonised the Union sentiment about him, and no doubt made enemies by the boldness with which he expressed his opinions, he nevertheless commanded the respect of his community and a great deal of affection. My father was interested in an asylum for the care of orphans of Confederate soldiers. Mr. Schaefer made a

handsome contribution to that object. He was always actively interested in politics, and corresponded voluminously with my father on the subject. About 1870 he induced my nephew, after his graduation in law, to go to Canton to practise his profession, and he became a member of Mr. Schaefer's household during several years residence there. I may mention incidentally that one of Mr. Schaefer's daughters afterward married a young attorney named William R. Day, who subsequently became Attorney General and Secretary of State under McKinley and is now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

When my nephew, the former protégé of Mr. Schaefer, was married, about 1872, Mr. Schaefer came to his wedding near Richmond and we had a jolly time together. It is needless to add that Mr. Schaefer was a rabid Democrat, and that in those days he hated Republicans and Republicanism, and thought that "No good can come out of Nazareth." I doubted, when I became a Republican, whether I should have the endorsement of my father's old friend, but one of the first letters of congratulation which I received was from Mr. Schaefer, who added that he was particularly anxious I should meet his representative, Major McKinley, "the only Republican I support." I was naturally anxious to know one whose personal attractiveness could overcome such prejudices as I knew Mr. Schaefer felt.

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WILLIAM McKINLEY

The twenty-fifth president of the United States. Was elected in 1896 and reëlected in 1900. Died September 14, 1901, during the second administration.

It was not difficult to find Major McKinley. He was studiously present at all sessions, a clean-shaven, sweet-faced, approachable man, who seemed to have as many friends on one side of the House as on the other. Our seats were near together. I first met him in the barber shop of the House, where the barbers vied with each other to make it pleasant for the Major. He was lolling back in a chair, with an unlit cigar in his mouth, when I walked up to him, told him of our common acquaintance and introduced myself. McKinley was a genial soul and, when pleased, had a peculiar light in his eyes. He was fond of Mr. Schaefer, and appreciated the exception to political prejudices which he had made in his favour. From that hour we were good friends.

One day, while the Fitz John Porter case was under discussion in the House, McKinley gave a party of us assembled in the cloak-room an interesting account of how, although he was a Union soldier and resident of Ohio, he became a Mason in the lodge at Winchester, Virginia, during the war. He said he was stationed at Winchester in the winter of 1864, and that Judge Richard Parker, a citizen of the town, was conspicuously active in alleviating the suffering of the people. This brought him into frequent contact with the Federal authorities. They all conceived a fondness for the old gentleman, which he in turn soon reciprocated. One of the Federal officers was

a prominent Mason and discovered that Judge Parker was Master of the Winchester lodge. The lodge room had been dismantled and was probably occupied by Federal troops, but the faithful Master had all the paraphernalia in his possession. The Federal officer proposed to him to re-open the lodge. At first, as a loyal Confederate, he opposed the idea, but at last yielded to the argument that Masonry was a universal brotherhood, and that its teachings would be peculiarly available then and there to mitigate the hardships of war. So the lodge was re-opened, and a number of Masons in the Federal Army attended its meetings. Masonry became a fad among the uninitiated in Winchester, and McKinley, among others, joined.

McKinley was a great peacemaker. He discouraged all kinds of acrimony in the debates. I am afraid I cannot say the same for myself. I think and have always thought that it is a good thing now and then to tell a political opponent just what you think of him.

One day I had a royal tilt with a peppery old member from Indiana, who threatened that when my contest was reached I would be unseated. McKinley, after it was all over, took occasion to give me some friendly advice: "Don't allow them to draw you into such controversies. No good can come of them. You may provoke them into turning you out. I have a contest. But you

never hear of that. I go on about my business and am not even ashamed to make myself useful by working hard on their committees. You ought to do the same. I like you and don't want to see you turned out, but, if you taunt them and defy them, as you do, you will tempt them to unseat you."

My case was never voted on. One day, toward the close of the session, Mr. Turner of Georgia, chairman of the Committee of Elections, a sallow taciturn man, with no bowels of mercy for a political opponent, called up the contested election case of Wallace versus McKinley and, after a brief debate, in which no sort of consideration was shown him, McKinley was unseated. His defeat did not amount to much, for his term was nearly ended, and he was already re-elected to the next House, but he took it very solemnly. I was sorry for him, but could not resist a little badinage. I passed by his desk where he stood tying up his papers preparing to depart, with the resigned air of a Christian martyr. "Old fellow," said I, "I feel awfully about this. But you brought it all upon yourself. You would not listen to my advice. If you had gone along quietly, and had not attracted attention to your case by wrangling and abusing your political opponents, you might have finished your term undisturbed. Look at me! Why did you not follow my example?"

McKinley had big, sad eyes when he was depressed. Turning them toward me with a pained

expression, he saw no joke in what I was saying and contented himself by replying: "I think that sort of thing is, under the circumstances, very unkind." When the sting of his defeat wore off he enjoyed the way I had turned the tables on him and fully forgave me.

In the National Convention of 1888 I saw a great deal of him. After his indignant rebuke of those who tried to spring a nomination upon him, when he was instructed for Sherman, I went over and sat beside him. Said I: "I never felt so proud of you as when you spurned that sort of double dealing. Your chance will come. But this is not the time. You could not afford to take such a nomination."

He thanked me, took my Virginia badge off my breast and pinned his in its place. It gave me an idea. I went about the hall and procured the badges worn by numerous leaders from different States and took them home with me, for my wife to make a crazy quilt of them. That was the passing fad of that day among ladies. But although I still have the badges worn by McKinley, Secretary Thompson of Indiana, Senators Quay, Allison and many others, they have not yet been worked up into a quilt.

At that time there was intense rivalry among the factions in Ohio. One of the Ohio leaders saw McKinley and myself talking together. He perhaps tried to eavesdrop. He probably caught the

Photograph by Charles Parker, Washington.

"MARK" HANNA

U. S. Senator from Ohio (1897-1905).

words, "This is not the time." I may mention as illustrative of political meanness that he went about whispering that the demonstration in favour of McKinley had been planned, and was known in advance to McKinley, and that he heard me apologising for its miscarriage by telling him it had not been started at the proper time. I was in Columbus, Ohio, the day of McKinley's inauguration as Governor. He was exceedingly kind to me and invited me to accompany him, but I could not do so.

On the 22nd of February, 1894 or 1895, McKinley, William J. Bryan and I were the speakers at the banquet of the Union League Club, Chicago. McKinley never was an ornate orator. I heard him on many occasions and his speeches, with the exception of those on the tariff, concerning which he was always interesting, and one speech I heard him deliver to veterans at a re-union in Buffalo, were not very attractive. Of course the glamour of the Presidency makes ordinary speeches sound fine and read well, but I repeat that McKinley was no orator. And the speech made that night by William Jennings Bryan was below, rather than above, mediocrity. It was a distinct disappointment, and he said himself that it was a failure. I had heard so much of him that I was sorely disappointed. Since then he has undoubtedly made many stirring appeals, but that was the only speech I

ever heard from Bryan from beginning to end until I heard him speak at the Gridiron Club in Washington in 1905, when he made a speech that was a model of good taste, good temper and kind feeling. I will leave it to someone else, if anybody feels interest enough in the subject to refer to it again, to tell what sort of speech I made. I spoke on the subject of George Washington the Virginian.

During the two years prior to his nomination for the Presidency McKinley was frequently in New York. He usually stopped at the ill-fated Windsor Hotel, and I saw a great deal of him. I remember particularly one visit that he paid to my house.

Henry Irving had been civil to me when I was in London. Some time in the winter of 1894–5 he was playing in New York. I was anxious to entertain him, but the only way to get at him was to have him after the theatre. I lived at that time in a small house in Forty-fourth Street. I had some Chesapeake Bay terrapin, Virginia hams and Old Plantation oysters. Irving and his right bower Bram Stoker, a prince of good fellows, agreed to come, and my first idea was to have half a dozen friends to meet them. But the party expanded until I think we had when we assembled at midnight twenty-seven men present, and it was a remarkable gathering. I do not recall them all, but Elihu Root, General Horace Porter, John W. Mackay, Colonel Tom Ochiltree, Joe Jefferson,

William J. Florence, Mr. O. D. Minen of the *Scientific American*, and John Cadwalader were of the party, and in the midst of it in came Governor McKinley and his staff. On his staff were the present Governor of Ohio, Myron T. Herrick, and Colonel James H. Hoyt. My poor little house was crowded to overflowing. We found it necessary to place card tables in the drawing room to accommodate some of the party. It was a literal go-as-you-please entertainment, but the fare was good and the company took it good-naturedly. McKinley particularly enjoyed it. It was an all-night affair. Irving, who was a night-owl, stayed until five o'clock A. M. Some one who heard of it jocularly asked him why he did not remain for breakfast. With a look of perplexity and a characteristic grimace he said, with a drawl, "How could I? The hot water gave out. We could not drink cold Scotch whisky after daybreak."

On many occasions afterward McKinley referred to the hilarity and fun of that night, for while he himself was not much of a fun-maker he enjoyed bright company.

When the time came for the Presidential Convention of 1896, Senator Platt sought to secure a solid delegation from New York in favor of Governor and ex-Vice-President Morton. For some reason he did not want McKinley, and used Morton as a pretext for his opposition. He an-

nounced that he would have a solid Morton delegation, but six McKinley delegates contested. As I recall them, they were Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, General Anson G. McCook, General C. H. T. Collins, William Brookfield, and I forget the other. I was selected as the lawyer to present their case at the Convention. Mr. Bliss and Colonel Cruger came to an agreement to divide with Howard Carroll and William Barnes, their opponents and friends, but my other four clients were seated on contest. I also represented two contestants from Virginia, who were given half seats. We had a jolly good time in St. Louis, and, as I was not a delegate and my work was done, I left before the Convention completed its work. The last man I saw before my departure was Hobart, who was nominated Vice-President. He was a very attractive fellow. On my way home I stopped at Canton to see McKinley. He welcomed me most cordially, and I spent some hours in his home in very intimate communion with him. Among other things he showed me the draft of the gold plank in the Republican platform, which had been prepared by Mr. Kohlsaat of Chicago a week before the convention met. It was substantially the one adopted, and had already been approved by Senator Lodge, who was entrusted with the preparation of that feature of the platform. Governor Foraker has also sent me his account of the manner in which

that plank of the platform was agreed upon in Committee. This fact is worth mentioning, as the friends of Senator Platt of New York circulated a report after the Convention that he, upon his arrival in St. Louis, had compelled the framers of the platform to adopt his views about the gold standard. In point of fact the matter was settled long before his arrival, and Senator Platt had nothing to do with it. He had little or no influence in the Convention.

Some time before his inauguration McKinley invited me to visit him at his home in Canton. He discussed quite freely the numerous people he was considering for Cabinet positions. Among other things he said he wanted a Southern man in his Cabinet. He was kind enough to say that he had been considering me as a possibility for Attorney General, but that the trouble in my case was that I lived in the North and that Southern Republicans would, for that reason, not be satisfied with me as a representative of the South, while the New Yorkers would object for fear that I would be charged to New York.

I interrupted him by jocularly telling him he need not discuss that subject further; that I could not afford to be Attorney General on the salary; that if I should take the place the Marshal of the District of Columbia would have his hand in my collar for debt by the end of my term. At that time he was also considering Judge Nathan Goff of

West Virginia, but I think Judge Goff was unwilling to accept. We lunched together and Mrs. McKinley was present. She was a sweet, pathetic little invalid, and his tenderness to her was touching. I remember saying at the lunch table something to McKinley about his tenure of his new office being more secure than that in Congress when Wallace turned him out. Mrs. McKinley interrupted by inquiring something, with a surprised look, which implied that she did not altogether understand what I meant when I spoke about Wallace. Her husband adroitly turned the subject, and I verily believe that through consideration for her health she had never been allowed to hear of his defeat. The President-elect asked me what position I wanted. I told him I was like Beverley Tucker when Stephen A. Douglas said to him: "Bev., what shall I do for you when I am President?" Tucker was a fellow of infinite jest. "Stephen, old boy," he replied quickly, "when you are President just walk down Pennsylvania Avenue with me, your arm about my neck, and call me Bev., and I will do the rest." The joke pleased him immensely, and I heard of his repeating it afterward. I did, however, tell the President-elect frankly, as our intimacy and his inquiry justified, that I wanted to be United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At first he inquired who were the other aspirants. Then he said that unless some new and unforeseen con-

tingency arose he would nominate me. But I saw that something else was on his mind. At last it came out. "Is Senator Platt for you?", said he. "Of course not," said I. "Have I not been fighting him to seat delegates for you. You know Platt. How can you expect me to secure his endorsement. Are you going to penalise your friends because they cannot secure the endorsement of those they have antagonised fighting for you?" He mused and said: "Yes, I know. But—you know the deference paid to Senatorial endorsements for office like this. You know how the success of any Administration depends upon the support of the Senate. You know what a narrow margin I shall have in the Senate. I cannot afford to have another Garfield row. We only have a majority of two or three in the Senate. Even if Platt will not endorse you, can you not make him agree not to fight you if I name you?" I told him I would see what could be done. Senator Platt's attitude seemed to give him great concern. Platt had opposed his nomination, but supported him for election, and since the election he had heard nothing from him. He was anxious to know what their relations were to be. He commissioned me to call upon Platt on my return and give him to understand that the President-elect cherished no sort of resentment toward him for his opposition to his nomination; that his feelings were altogether kindly; that he desired his advice and co-operation in regard to

New York matters, and was prepared to show him all the consideration to which the Senator from the greatest State in the Union was entitled. At the same time I was to find out Platt's attitude toward my own aspirations. Immediately on my return to New York I saw Platt and he met the President's overtures in the kindliest spirit. Concerning my aspirations he said he was fully committed to another, but that if the President saw fit to nominate me he would not oppose my confirmation. I reported the result of my visit to McKinley. It was not long before I found out that I had brought the two together so effectually that I had squeezed myself out, for McKinley needed Platt as badly as Platt needed McKinley, and both were political traders. The appointment was delayed a long time. In the summer of 1897 I met the President at a Grand Army Reunion at Buffalo. We saw a good deal of each other. He made a fine speech at the banquet, the best I ever heard from him. I was an "also ran," and spoke after him. My train departed about eleven o'clock P. M. and I was compelled to leave. As I edged my way out behind those seated on the dais I passed the President, and, looking up to say good-bye, he pulled me down to him and said something very kind about my speech. I said: "Thank you. I wonder if it was good enough to pull off that Attorneyship I've been expecting so long." His reply was, "Have you secured Platt's support?" The reply nettled

me and I said: "No. Did you secure it when I made him my opponent fighting your battles for you? Seems as if I ought to have sided with him in order to have you for a friend." He took the rebuke kindly, and said he wanted to see me in Washington soon. I was not therefore surprised when some time later I had a request to visit him in Washington. Meanwhile Mr. Platt had told me that he had said to the President just what he promised that he would. My meeting with the President was in what is known as the "red room." Secretary Alger was present. The interview opened by McKinley's telling me how much attached to me he was and how everybody knew it. Then I knew what was coming. He went on to say that I must know his decision did not depend on his relative liking of Senator Platt and myself; that he had been my friend for many years; and that he had been prejudiced against Platt, although since he had met him he esteemed him highly. But that he felt bound not to antagonise Platt in the matter of this Attorneyship; that his margin of support in the Senate was too narrow to justify it. I interrupted him to inquire: "Did Mr. Platt not write to you that, while he had supported another, if you chose to nominate me he would not object?" "Oh, yes, maybe he did," said he, "but I have seen Platt and I know how he feels, and I know I cannot jeopardise the Party by fighting Platt. I believe you are too

good a friend to ask me to do that." "Mr. President," said I, rising to go, "your decision is not a surprise to me. I release you from all obligations. I have long since learned how friendship is sacrificed in the game of politics. Platt has something you want. You have something Platt wants. Go ahead with the arrangement. Next time I want something and you and Platt are wrangling, I will support Platt if I prize what I want more than I do your friendship. A man is a fool who is sentimental in politics." "Now you are mad and losing your temper," said he in a grieved way. "I never was less mad in my life," I replied; "I am only describing coolly what I see." McKinley talked kindly and said something about there being other ways in which he could attest his friendship, and Secretary Alger said a word or two about what he knew of McKinley's attachment, and I left in no very pleasant temper. Platt's man received the appointment. Some time afterward McKinley gave me a very handsome special appointment, but he knew just what I thought of him. It was this: He was naturally an amiable man, but exceedingly ambitious; so ambitious that he had no idea of imperilling any personal interest for friendly inclinations. If it was necessary to sacrifice a weak friend to propitiate a powerful enemy he would not hesitate for one moment to do so. To his powerful friends, on whom he was dependent, he was loyal to the

point of doing anything they required, even things which his judgment or his conscience did not approve, but that was only another form of selfishness. His natural inclination to weaker friends was kindly, and when he might assist them without danger to himself he did so with a show of great generosity. But when doing so called on him to imperil any selfish interest he did not hesitate to leave them in the lurch. Secretary Alger himself experienced this. No man was ever more loyal to McKinley, and he was an excellent Secretary of War, but when McKinley found that there was a public clamour against Alger he did not stand by him as he should have done, he sacrificed him for his own benefit without a qualm. In a word, McKinley was nothing like as unselfish a man as he has the reputation of having been; he was much more of a trading politician than he has the reputation of having been; he was not as high as the public estimate places him; and while he was a kind-hearted man, he was a very timid, calculating person; and while personally not corrupt was under many bad and venal influences. What saved McKinley and will pass his name down to history as a much greater man than he really was, is that he had a singularly able coterie of men about him, and presided over the destinies of this Nation when our people were more prosperous, more virile, more ready to work out their own destiny and to achieve their

own glory than they ever had been before, or may ever be again.

McKinley was naturally of a cautious and a timid nature. The swift rush of events after the blowing up of the *Maine* alarmed him. Well it might. The country was not prepared for war in any way. With a more powerful adversary than Spain, the precipitate way in which our people forced the war might, and probably would, have produced a great disaster. It was this doubtless that alarmed McKinley and brought forth his desperate appeals for delay. But the rashness of the populace proved to be a true inspiration, and the victories we won so rapidly were little short of miracles in their bloodlessness and their completeness. The rapidity of the formation of our armies and navies; the thoroughness of their equipment; the celerity and precision of their work—while due to the work of a thousand master minds, product of our whirling period of activity—will always redound to the credit of McKinley and give him higher rank than as a man he was entitled to. He was never a vindictive man. His kindness and his amiability disarmed to a great extent resentment for his shortcomings.

When the war broke out my boys went wild. The eldest was in the army, and the next two were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. McKinley promptly commissioned the latter two as Captain and First Lieutenant in Colonel

Pettit's 4th Regiment of U. S. Volunteer Infantry. My oldest son he made an Assistant Adjutant General with rank of Captain, after Santiago, and afterward Major in the 47th Infantry Volunteers. My second son he afterwards promoted to be Major in the 4th. He even offered me a Brigadier General's commission, but just at that time I was engaged in an important railroad reorganization and declined it, although it was tempting to the vanity of an ex-Confederate.

The last time I saw McKinley was at Bluff Point. I was chairman of a committee appointed to call on him and invite him to attend a great celebration of Dewey's victory in New York. The place is beautiful, and we reached it on a lovely day. After our task was performed I was about to withdraw when McKinley, who knew how I felt about the United States Attorneyship, approached me in his most seductive way. He knew my weak point. "Well," said he, calling me by my first name, "How are *our* boys?" "Very well, I thank you, Mr. President—one in the Philippines and two in Cuba. All very well." "And how is Mrs. Wise?" he added; "I expect that anxiety about all those boys in the army has made her lose the girlish appearance she had when we were frolicking that night with Irving." I thanked him and made some reply. Running his arm through mine, as he often did in the old days, he drew me aside and said: "Where is the little chap that made

photographs of the Spaniards as he charged them in the 9th Infantry at San Juan Hill?" "Why, he has rejoined his regiment and is serving in Northern Luzon." "Now, I want him to be a Major in one of the new regiments we are recruiting," was his quick reply. Whatever lingering resentment I may have felt against McKinley was surely disarmed by this considerate remembrance of my eldest son. Turning to him, and grinning, I said: "Mr. President, is this business or conversation? Platt has no nominee for this place, has he?" He in turn said: "There you go again. 'Still harping on my daughter.' No, I want that boy appointed. You write to Root and tell him I want it done and I will write, too." Shaking his hand cordially, I went off and wrote at once to Secretary Root, one of the best friends and truest men I ever knew, and within a week received a telegram from him saying: "Congratulate Major Hugh D. Wise on his appointment to the 47th Infantry." I little thought, when I last looked into the kindly eyes of McKinley that summer day at Bluff Point, that we would never meet again. He was so full of life and hope and health that a long career seemed spread out before him.

A few weeks later I was at my little country place in Virginia. It is on the point of a cape far from the railroad and telegraph. We were at breakfast when one of the servants came in with

the report that McKinley had been shot. I regarded it at first as a mere idle country rumour, but went to the 'phone and inquired of the telegraph office in the village twelve miles away, and to my horror the rumour was confirmed. What surprised me most was the credulity of people in thinking there was any hope of his recovery. Surgery has undoubtedly made great advances in late years, and I am no skilled surgeon, but it will be many a day, with the practical experience I have had with wounds like that, before any surgeon, however eminent, will make me believe that there is one chance in ten thousand for any victim of a gun-shot wound through the intestines.

Poor McKinley! He deserved a better fate. The criticisms I have passed upon him above, while they were deserved, do not destroy or materially weaken a feeling akin to affection which I always felt for him; and while his friendship failed me once on a pinch, he showed me many times his kindness of heart, and friendly interest, and desire to serve me—when he did not have to endanger himself. That was his nature and he could not change it. On the whole his was a nature far above the average of mankind in sweetness and kindliness, and not a whit below the average in selfishness, perhaps, when men are subjected to the test.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

XIII.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Of all the men who have occupied the Presidential office in my day and time, the present incumbent is to me at once the most interesting, unique, and in many respects the most admirable man among them. I shall discuss him as freely as if he were dead, for, while he is far from perfection, no one can fail to see from what I shall say of him that I admire and respect him greatly, and count his admirable traits as many times overbalancing the few defects to which I shall refer. Perhaps I notice the latter more than most men would do, because some of them I have myself in such exaggerated degree that, instead of being mere drawbacks, they are dominant and disqualifying. Criticism is no more agreeable to Theodore Roosevelt than it is to the average of mankind, I think, for I remember one occasion when, at the time he was Police Commissioner of New York City, I demurred most seriously to the rigid way in which he and his associates were enforcing certain provisions of the law of excise. I talked plainly in open meeting, coupling my criticism with the assurance of more than ordinary personal regard. Nobody loves a stiff dispute better than Roosevelt, and he

came back at me hammer and tongs. His opening sentence was an acknowledgment of our kindly relations, but he added, sardonically: "Of course we are friends; I know it. But I cannot help quoting: 'I know that you love me most truly, but *why* did you kick me down-stairs?'"

More than once he and I have metaphorically punched each other, but, as an Englishman says of another whom he admires, "he can stand a lot of beating," and I admire him all the more for it. He may not always be right. I do not think he is always right. But he always believes he is right, and he has the courage of his convictions. When he is with you, he is with you generously, and confidingly, and whole-souled. When he is against you, he will not lie to you, or deceive you, or postpone you, but will tell you so, and tell you why, and argue against you, and sit down on you, and, if need be, fight you to a finish. In a word, he is a man, a bold outspoken man, every inch of him a man, whether he is your friend or foe. And with all his positiveness and aggressiveness he combines, in his dealings with a certain class of politicians who could make great trouble for him if he did not conciliate them, about as smooth and cunning political acumen as any man I ever saw.

In the course of a long acquaintance with and observation of Roosevelt, I have watched his dealings with professional politicians from many

States, with mingled wonder and admiration. He never has been a machine man, and he never has been the voluntary choice of the class of men who gain prominence through control of political machines. In his heart he does not admire them, and in their hearts they have always looked upon him as an infliction. More than once they have tried to cut him down by foul riding, and would have been glad to accept temporary defeat in order to put a quietus upon Roosevelt's political ambitions. And nobody has known it better than Roosevelt. Yet the "impetuous," the "hot-headed," the "aggressive," the "uncalculating" Teddy has never been betrayed into a breach with any of them which would give them the excuse they sought. He has never lost sight of the absolute necessity of having the machines supporting him after election. He has, over and over again, adroitly circumvented their machinations to defeat his election, and afterward calculated to a nicety just how much recognition was necessary to propitiate them into a support of his Administration. He has understood all the while that what he did for them was political purchase-money, indispensable to his own strength; and they, political parasites as they are, while not getting half they wanted, yet could not live without what they did get, and have accepted just enough to keep them from kicking over the political pail. He has forborne from the denun-

ciation of them which he felt in his heart; and muzzled and utilised the political wolves who would rend him if they dared. I have often laughed to myself, thinking what he would say about them, and they about him, if both were free to express their opinions of each other. His course has no doubt cost him many severe efforts at self-restraint, and at times he has no doubt been forced to concessions and sacrifices of his personal wishes which have tantalised him greatly. But he has, in a discriminating way, no less than great, sacrificed the lesser to the greater object and won, leaving this base but indispensable class of supporters baffled and disappointed, because, knowing just what he thinks of them, they find no excuse in his treatment of them for betrayal or desertion.

To the veteran observer who knows how dominant the machine was with certain of his predecessors, and how insolent and over-shadowing it had become, it is a refreshing sight to see him the real controlling force of his Administration, and the old magnates unhappy at the decline of their importance, but silently pretending to acquiesce.

If Roosevelt had shown the same political acumen in dealing with all the subjects that have arisen that he has in his handling of the machine leaders, I firmly believe he would have received, in the last election, the unanimous vote of the

Electoral College; for no man, during my life-time, has seemed, in his personality, so to appeal to the imagination, or to have so strong a hold upon the affections of the masses of the American people.

I did not know his father. He died before I came to live in New York. But from all accounts of him, he was one of the gentlest, most lovable, public-spirited, and popular men that ever lived in New York City. Theodore Roosevelt does not, however, inherit the manners or the gentler traits of his father. In his sturdiness and love of life's battles and enterprises, he much more resembles his uncle, Mr. Robert Roosevelt, who has been my friend and associate these many years. The most lovable Roosevelt I ever knew was the President's brother, Elliott, now dead and gone. He was one of my earliest acquaintances in New York, and our attachment grew from the moment of our first meeting until his early death. Perhaps he was nothing like so aggressive or so forceful a man as Theodore, but if personal popularity could have bestowed public honours on any man there was nothing beyond the reach of Elliott Roosevelt.

In those days we were all much younger than we are now, and the things which amused us then have ceased to charm. Long before the horse show became a fad, the annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club was the thing which brought forth New York Society in all its glory.

It was no dog traders' mart. The Westminster Kennel Club was composed of the *elite* young sportsmen of the city. I recall such men as J. O. Donner, C. DuBois Wagstaff, Pierre Lorillard, John Heckscher, Henry Munn, Dick Pancoast, Seward and Walter Webb, George De Forest Grant, Coleman Drayton, Elliott Smith, Anthony and John C. Higgins, dear old Charlie Raymond, Elliott Roosevelt, and many others. They gave the show and acted as stewards and judges and all that, and society came to it at Madison Square Garden. I came up from Virginia to judge the setters and the pointers, and they brought over men like Dalziel and the best judges from England. We gave the "four hundred" a great run *for* their money until eleven o'clock at night, and then we generally gave ourselves a great run *on* their money at a banquet at the famous old Hotel Brunswick, near by the Madison Square Garden, where our show was held. "Toney" Higgins became Senator from Delaware, John C. Higgins a foreign Minister, Seward Webb a millionaire, and the others are now dead or gouty or on the retired list, and the Brunswick has been pulled down. But those were never to be forgotten days in our coterie. Elliott Roosevelt was among the younger and later set who followed my hey-dey, and "Teddy," while he was a "dead-game sport," seldom showed up, as he was a member of the Legislature or playing cowboy in the West.

Still, he and Ray Hamilton and fellows of that class were counted in "the gang" which embraced men from the age of Carroll Livingston down to the fledgelings.

It was a splendid lot of fellows. They were not dissipated roisterers and drunkards and gamblers. They were really a fine and refined set of gentlemen sportsmen.

I have, in a previous chapter, mentioned the first letter I ever received from Theodore Roosevelt. It was in 1885, when I was running for Governor against Fitzhugh Lee, and it expressed his good wishes for my success. Of course that gave me a kindly feeling for Roosevelt. My next distinct remembrance of him is meeting him at a luncheon given by Elliott at the Down Town Club about 1888. I met Elliott Roosevelt with General Sorrel of Georgia in New Street one day. Mr. James Gracie, Roosevelt's uncle, joined us. Gracie's brother, General Archibald Gracie, was killed in the Confederate service on the lines at Petersburg. His brigade adjoined my father's at the time of his death.

The Roosevelt boys always had a large circle of Southern friends. Their uncle, their mother's brother, Col. Bullock of Georgia, was one of the finest officers in the Confederate Navy and a very popular man.

Sorrel had served on Longstreet's staff, with such conspicuous gallantry that he was promoted at one

bound from Lieutenant Colonel on the Staff to Brigadier General in the line. I knew him well and we were warm friends.

"Hallo, here he comes now," shouted Elliott as I crossed the street, and I learned that they were in search of me for a luncheon at the Down Town Club. When we arrived there we found Theodore Roosevelt and Russell Harrison, son of the newly elected President. It was an entertaining luncheon. Young Harrison, like Theodore Roosevelt, had been roughing it in the West and their accounts of Western life were most interesting. I remember Harrison telling how he had been present at the lynching of a horse thief and was afterward summoned on a grand jury to investigate the circumstances attending it.

At that time Theodore Roosevelt was one of the huskiest, most energetic, pushing men of thirty that I ever met. Shortly afterward Elliott, Theodore, General Sorrel and I dined together at Elliott Roosevelt's home, *en garcon*, and I never more enjoyed an evening, for both Sorrel and Theodore Roosevelt were full to overflowing of their reminiscences, the one of the Civil war, the other of his life in the West.

It was a deep distress to me when Elliott died soon afterward. I lost one of the sweetest friends of my early manhood. The two brothers were much attached to each other, and if Elliott had lived I would always have had a powerful friend at court, I feel sure.

When Theodore Roosevelt became a Police Commissioner in New York, one of his associates was the present General Fred. Grant. Grant is one of the best of fellows, but an easy-going man, about as free from strenuousness as any man I ever saw. At that time I saw a good deal of him, and his descriptions of the meetings of the Board were most entertaining. It was a so-called non-partisan Board, composed of Roosevelt, Grant, and a Tammany Democrat. The police administration of New York at that time was about as rotten as anything in the unsavory record of Tammany rule. Roosevelt was placed there to break it up, and I presume no man ever had a more congenial task. He has written about treading softly and having a club. He had his club then and did not tread softly. From the day he entered he began to fight, and he tore up the police abuses by the roots. When he took charge he walked into a veritable hornets' nest, for the whole police force was packed with creatures of Tammany in thorough sympathy with the minority of the Board, and they did everything in their power to thwart him. Every morning the newspapers gave us fresh accounts of rows in the sessions of the Police Board. For once at any rate Roosevelt had all the fighting he wanted, and he kept it up until he reorganised the entire force and gave New York a better police service than she ever had before. To this day the police department shows

the good effects of the dynamiting he gave it. Grant, although not so aggressive as Roosevelt, backed him up loyally, now and then exclaiming: "I wonder he does not wear himself out!"

Roosevelt went to Washington to become a Civil Service Commissioner. I never understood his enthusiasm for that idea. By nature the man must see that the idea of securing the best service by giving preference to book-learning proficiency and by routine promotion is utopian. In practice, where he may exercise his untrammelled judgment, he acts often contrary to his theory. Some of the biggest fools I ever knew could pass the best examinations. It is all right to pass laws forbidding removals for political causes, and perhaps there is no other way of regulating appointments, but I will cite a single instance which has fallen under my observation.

I firmly believe that the system of competitive examinations for appointments to West Point has resulted in producing a class of cadets far inferior to those secured by taking the best and most promising boy a Congressman could find and sending him there regardless of his pre-eminence as a book-worm. Book-worm boys, as a class, are not the brightest, or the strongest, or the best material for soldiers. However, it was not my purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of civil-service examinations. I only referred to it because I consider it singular that a man with the peculiar

temperament and characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt, and who, in practice, so negatives his theory, should have become a champion of civil-service rules as they are framed and applied.

Roosevelt was soon afterward made Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and I know very little of his work there. The then Secretary of the Navy, ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, was a colleague of mine in Congress. He is an able, polished, courteous man. But he is a gentleman tenacious of his own authority and position, and by no means disposed to be hustled by anybody. It is claimed by the enthusiastic friends of Roosevelt that, although in a subordinate position, he was the most potent force in the Navy Department, and that the condition of our Navy at the outbreak of the Spanish War was chiefly due to his efforts. I am sorry the claim has been made. I do not believe Roosevelt encouraged it, for I do not believe it was just. Governor Long was no figurehead in his position. He was a vigorous, capable man, and would have resented promptly the usurpation of his authority by any man. And Roosevelt himself would be the last man in the world to trench upon the prerogatives of a worthy superior. I do not doubt that he did the work assigned to him with the vigour and efficiency which has always characterised his public service, and that is sufficient praise.

Everybody knows the story of his prompt

action in raising the Rough Rider Regiment when the Spanish War broke out. He showed his good sense, too, in not trusting too much to his slight military knowledge, by having Leonard Wood made Colonel, while he accepted the place of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Roosevelt is the sort of man who takes to military life as a duck does to water. Superior training does not keep inferior men above a man like him, in actual war. Such men use the theoretical knowledge of superiors for their own instruction until they gain experience, and then climb right over their heads upon their own foundations. Once, talking with him since he became President, I remarked that when the Civil War broke out I was only fourteen years old, and had laid awake many a night fearing it might end before I had a chance as a soldier. He laughed and said: "I know the feeling. Many a time I've feared that before any fighting should arise I would be too old to volunteer." In a war like ours with Spain it is no easy matter for newly levied volunteers to gain recognition, much less preferment, among veteran regulars. Yet Roosevelt understood how to manage that. His conception of the quick levy of a cavalry regiment from plainsmen and reckless youngsters was original in design, and he put it into effect in a dramatic way. His command shouted and shot itself into notoriety by the time it was assembled

at San Antonio, and was so full of aggressiveness that it was not safe to leave it unemployed. It was not to be a cavalry war, but Roosevelt pushed and clamoured for service at the front until the War Department no doubt felt it was easier to let him go than to try to hold him back. When it came to the detail for the Santiago campaign, any considerable cavalry contingent was out of the question. Only a few dismounted battalions were to accompany Shafter. The regular cavalry at Tampa was by far the best fitted for the expedition. But Roosevelt had no idea of being left. It looked as though the Rough Riders, if denied participation in the expedition, would wade into the sea and try to swim to Cuba. Such was the forward spirit of Roosevelt and his men. So, one battalion, dismounted, of this untried command, was permitted to accompany the expedition, to appease their ardour, and the men even fought among themselves on the question who should go.

When they reached Cuba they were the same pushing, enterprising, dare-devil set, who had no idea that anything should happen without their being in the thick of it. So, pressing forward before the whole column was in motion, they bumped into the retiring Spaniards at La Guasimas, and received a blizzard that killed a dozen or more and warned them that they were just a trifle too independent and aggressive. Did this deter Roosevelt? Not a bit of it. He liked it!

He and his men wanted another chance at them. His dash and recklessness caught the popular eye in that time of personal daring. He and his battalion were in the forefront with Wheeler at Santiago, and it was hard to keep them back. Not in a very soldierly way, but in a devil-may-care, dashing, fearless way, he led his men up Kettle Hill, and earned for them and for himself all the glory and all the éclat that was to be had out of that affair. His conduct gave him unusual prominence and endeared him greatly to New Yorkers, for it soothed their wounded vanity concerning another State command which had been unfortunate.

Theodore Roosevelt, chiefly by his own push and insistence upon recognition, thus became the most prominent citizen soldier of the Empire State.

Then came the days of delay and confusion, when supplies and ammunition were not sent forward from Siboney to the trenches. Some officers lay in the trenches grumbling and waiting. Not so with Roosevelt. Dirty and dressed like a ditcher, with his blue-dotted neckerchief tied about his collarless throat, he left his men on the lines and walked or rode or trudged back to the landing at Siboney to demand his ammunition and his supplies. And there he wrangled and swore at ordnance officers, grabbed ammunition, bacon and hard tack, loaded it, urged teamsters, heaved at stalled wheels, and floundered back to camp with all the food and all the ammunition requisite,

while others less enterprising awaited their turns. And New York was proud as the news of her strenuous son came home from the seat of war. My eldest boy was then a Lieutenant in the 9th Regular Infantry. He had been detailed to make observations at Shafter's Headquarters with his kites and aerial cameras, and was on the wharf at Siboney in search of his outfit when Colonel Roosevelt arrived upon the mission above described. He and Teddy are much the same sort of hustlers. There, chewing raw bacon in unison and mutually denouncing the inefficiency of others, they established a sworn friendship and admiration for each other which neither ever fails to express when the other is mentioned in his presence.

"How is the little bantam game-cock?" says Roosevelt, recalling how the boy went up San Juan Hill with the 9th Infantry, photographing the Spaniards as he charged them. "How is Teddy, the Rough Rider? He's not afraid of anything, and as full of energy as a box of monkeys," says the boy, recounting Roosevelt's everlasting energy in battle and in bivouac. He was but one of ten thousand who marked the marvellous vitality of this enterprising soul.

Then came the days of victory and waiting and sickness, the tropic heat of summer and the dangers of delay. Roosevelt saw the perils of the place. "Our work is done! Take us away!" he shouted. The slow-moving methods of the

War Department did not suit them, but the veteran regular officers hesitated to protest. Not so with Roosevelt. It might not be according to routine and army regulations, but it was the urgent demand of humanity and common sense. "Our work is done! Take us away before disease fixes its fangs upon us and does what the Spaniards failed to accomplish," insisted Roosevelt, and he put the demand into the form of a "round robin," and urged and pressed it until it was signed by his hesitating brother officers. The appeal had its effect. The army was immediately transported from the pestilential air of Cuba to the healthful camps at Montauk Point, and thousands of men owe their lives to the boldness and vigour with which Roosevelt demanded the change. He landed there with his little battalion, for which, in his three months' service, he had won a place as distinct as that of the "Guides" of Napoleon or the "Black Horse Cavalry" of Lee. And the millions of New Yorkers who greeted his landing with pride and gratitude were waiting to make him Governor of the Empire State.

Not so, however, with the few scheming political managers who call themselves "the organisation." The sudden and irresistible popularity of Roosevelt coming as it did, just when the nomination was to be made, utterly overthrew their plans for nominating and electing some nonentity who

should be subservient to their "organisation." Roosevelt had never been a man of that kind. For a time they tentatively sought to avert the alternative and then, recognising the inevitable, they said under their breath and with closed teeth: "D—n him, we cannot prevent it. Let's make a virtue of necessity and support him." Then the organisation threw up its hat and cried: "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" and Roosevelt received the Republican nomination without apparent opposition. But Theodore knew, as well then as ever before or afterward, just how far to trust the sincerity of their professions. In the course of the campaign he and his friends had reason to suspect the good faith of the support he was receiving. It had happened before in the history of New York politics that honourable candidates of a party had been allowed to be defeated because the party hacks in charge of campaigns feared their dominancy if they should be elected, and found it more to their own advantage to have them slaughtered in the house of their friends. Roosevelt is not the man to fail to detect such a conspiracy, or to fail to fight it when detected. In the last days of the campaign he seized his imperilled standard in his own hands and made his own personal campaign. Appearing in all parts of the State in his rough-rider uniform, he made a series of electrifying speeches, and snatched victory from defeat. It was a glorious victory to his real friends, and

the narrow margin showed that he had not taken his campaign into his own hands one moment too soon. No one will ever know the chagrin which certain so-called Republican leaders in New York felt at the election of Roosevelt; no one more thoroughly suspected their loyalty than did he, yet no one ever played the game of politics more adroitly; for he knew the dangers of a breach with them, and, without confessing his distrust, held them to their support of his Administration by recognising their legitimate claims to consideration. So it went on until the Presidential campaign of 1900. There were inconsiderate friends of Governor Roosevelt who thought he went too far in propitiating his enemies within his party. The event shows that he made no mistake. Certainly he did not succeed in reconciling them to his methods or gaining popularity with them. He was as irritating a thorn in their side as any Democrat could possibly have been. He was honest, and so long as he remained in the Governor's office he was a lion in the path, preventing and delaying many an old-time method in which they had delighted. Yet the people were at his back, and the problem of how to be rid of him was an ever recurring perplexity. At last a solution appeared. If they could not "turn him down," they could at least "turn him up." The Vice-Presidency, while it was a sinecure, was counted a high honour, and his elevation to it would rid

his party associates of him at Albany. Accordingly, the "Republican Gang" from New York went to the National Convention at Philadelphia shouting for Roosevelt's nomination to the second place, with the distinct and undisguised purpose of being rid of him as Governor of New York. I was present and heard them, and can recall the things said and the men who said them. They were contemptuous, resentful, abusive things, and they were said by men who have no views of their own, but get their inspiration from the bosses they serve and on whom they depend. Roosevelt understood their purposes and their calculations and their motives thoroughly. I have no doubt that it was as much from his stubborn wish to balk them in their uncomplimentary support as from some considerations more important that he at first refused and so long hesitated about accepting. One thing is certain in my mind—that if the great majority of New York delegates who supported Roosevelt in the National Convention of 1900 for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the Republican ticket had had the faintest idea he would within a year succeed to the Presidency they would not have voted for him, even under the strongest inducement. When they returned their rejoicings were not over his nomination to the Vice-Presidency but over being rid of him as Governor.

McKinley was young and well and strong

There was no thought of such a thing as his assassination, and the average New York Republican organisation man made no concealment of the clever trick they had resorted to, to rid themselves of an obnoxious Governor by placing him in a sinecure. The delegates returned to New York singing, "I guess that will hold him down awhile." No man understood better than did Governor Roosevelt the motive, the purpose, the temper of his nomination, or the men who planned it and brought it about.

In the Vice-Presidential office he was a veritable Pegasus hitched to a plow.

When the horrid crime which removed McKinley brought Roosevelt into the Presidential office, he came in under conditions hardly less trying than those imposed upon Tyler as successor of Harrison, and much more difficult than those attending Fillmore's or Arthur's succession. If Harrison's death was a great blow to Henry Clay, who had calculated so much upon Harrison's subjection to his dominancy, what must have been the blow of McKinley's death to Mark Hanna and his thoroughly entrenched coterie?

When Harrison died Clay was not yet firm in his seat, and what he lost was what he had hoped for rather than what he had realized. When McKinley died, Mark Hanna's peculiar but forceful plans had been in complete operation for four years; he had secured their endorsement for

another term; had tasted one lease of great power and influence to the full; and was just preparing for another four years of even more thorough control. No matter how great or how dominant one may insist that McKinley was, no one questions that the days of McKinley were full of sunshine for Mark Hanna and his compact, thoroughly organised political machine. For nobody questions that Mark Hanna had a great machine, whether it was a good or a bad machine; or that he was the chauffeur, whether McKinley was owner or merely an honoured guest. And no machine ever had a harder or more sudden jolt on the highway of politics than did Mark Hanna's when McKinley died and Roosevelt mounted in his place.

The world can never know what Mark Hanna and his political syndicate felt when McKinley died, or how in their inmost hearts they welcomed the advent of his successor, or how he in his inmost heart regarded them.

He was and is a person altogether different in temperament, and in party associations, from McKinley. Andrew Johnson himself differed no more radically from Lincoln than did Roosevelt from McKinley. As for Mark Hanna and the style of political management known as Hannaism, which was synonymous with McKinleyism, certainly Roosevelt had never theretofore operated upon such lines. The people loved McKinley; they seemed to have faith in Hanna

and Hannaism. They were not prepared to give them up for any unknown and untried policy of Mr. Roosevelt.

It is to the credit of Roosevelt and Hanna alike that both behaved admirably in a trying time; and both agreed that, continuing the personnel as well as the policy of McKinley's Administration, they would subordinate all antagonisms, disappointments and incongruities between them and strive together for the public good. It certainly was not a natural alliance. No two men that ever came together in politics had more irreconcilable view-points, ideals or standards, than did Theodore Roosevelt and Mark Hanna. How they succeeded in pulling together as well as they did for the common welfare during the three years after McKinley's death that Hanna lived is a wonder, and to the great honour of both of them; for while, in that time, McKinley's policies were adhered to, Hanna methods and Hanna dominancy and men of the type which Hanna chose in the day of his control under McKinley, rapidly gave place to Roosevelt methods, Roosevelt dominancy, and men of a very different type from those who flourished under Hanna.

Whether the friendship between Roosevelt and Hanna could or would have survived the strain of these inevitable changes if Hanna had lived need not be discussed. Outwardly at least it did continue until Hanna died, and that is surprising

enough to the general public, who had been taught to look upon Roosevelt as rash, and stubborn, and unyielding. I have watched him closely, and know that when any question vital to his support by his party followers arises, he is not rash, or stubborn, or unyielding. On the contrary, no man weighs more quickly or calculatingly which of two inconsistent plans it is best to yield in order to retain party support. And no man is more politic in not confessing that he abandoned one purpose in order to attain another.

President Roosevelt, in the early days of his first administration, had a cherished purpose, about which he consulted with certain of his supporters, and he was discussing plans for carrying it out. His purpose and his plans were formed in ignorance of the fact that they trenched upon matters touching which Mark Hanna was peculiarly sensitive. It was a time when a graver issue was before the Senate, upon which the Administration had a very narrow margin and concerning which it was almost dependent upon Hanna's support, which until then it had received. The President's action in the matter first referred to stopped suddenly. His course became just the reverse of what his conversation had indicated it was to be. He dropped the subject, and wisely gave no reason for his change of policy. His Senate measures went through. It was a long time before those he consulted about the first

matter, and who had been puzzled by his apparent vacillation, realised that Mark Hanna had warned him that if he did what he proposed he would force a breach and lose his support, and that then the President had promptly abandoned a cherished but not vital purpose to ensure the success of a more important measure. No man who has not occupied a public station or been close enough to those who do to watch them, can form any idea how little of free agency is left to the ablest and most dominant man in political office, or how they are forced to "cut their garment according to their cloth," else risk alienating indispensable support and destroying themselves by antagonising those without whom they have no hope of success.

Andrew Johnson, naturally stubborn, and made the more so by dissipation, undertook to be reckless and defiant of his party leaders, but Theodore Roosevelt, temperate, ambitious, enterprising, full of vitality, bold and stubborn in many things, understands as well as any man who ever was President just how far he may go, and just where the danger line is at which he must stop with the men who are to make or unmake his political fortunes. He has been singularly blessed, too, in the men by whom he has surrounded himself. In my opinion there has never been in the Cabinet of any President an abler, a wiser, or a more loyal counsellor, or one so well equipped in so many departments as Elihu Root. His

Secretary of State, John Hay, grew and expanded every day from the time he entered public service until he died, and his Secretary of War, Judge Taft, is a man of extraordinary capacity. I predict, with great confidence, that in his Cabinet will be found the Presidential successor of President Roosevelt. Elihu Root I have known for nearly twenty years, and whatever I might say of his legal abilities, of his intellectual power, of his strong, attractive, cautious, honest, high-minded, loyal public and private personality would be put down to the partiality of friendship. My acquaintance with Judge Taft began some fifteen years ago, in a case I had before him in Cincinnati, when he was a Judge in a State Court. I marked him then as an extraordinary man, and have witnessed his successive promotions to Solicitor General, United States Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines and Secretary of War with great pleasure, as vindicating my forecast of his future. Mr. Hay's growth somewhat surprised me, for I regarded him as in early life a narrow and provincial man—a prejudice derived from some unjust criticisms of my father in his "Life of Lincoln"; but I am frank to admit that I accept the public estimate of Mr. Hay as a man of very remarkable talents and culture. No piece of oratory delivered in my day has surpassed, if it even equalled, the speech of John Hay upon McKinley, delivered before the two Houses of Congress.

I oug t to state emphatically that in what I have written or shall add concerning President Roosevelt, I have violated no confidence of his, for he has never taken me into his confidence. Nor is anything I have said derived from or inspired by anything he has ever said to me about the things discussed. They are deductions and conclusions of my own mind concerning what a man of his acumen and intelligence must have seen and must have felt about matters and conduct the nature and inspiration of which was plain to everybody. Our relations have always been exceedingly friendly, but never intimate to the point that I would feel that in recounting them I was improperly drawing aside the curtain of privacy, and the general interest in the President is such that I feel justified in presenting him as he is. He is one of the most natural and unaffected men I ever knew, sometimes so even to the point of boyishness. I remember one day when I was with him at luncheon in the White House. The remarkable influence of the Dutch upon American institutions has been a fad with me for many years. For example, the Mecklenburg resolutions are largely plagiarised, or at any rate pursue the language of the first address of the States-General in Holland. And our flag is nearly like the flag of the Dutch Republic. And we adopted our school system from them, and our system of Prosecuting Attorneys, and I don't know what else. Years

ago I delivered an address on the subject. When I began to talk about it Roosevelt intimated that I was only flattering him. I replied by telling him: "I knew and said these things when you were a boy." After luncheon he invited me to go with him to his office and examine some new German rifles. On arriving there we found some very obsequious Germans who, after profound bows, showed their weapons. The President was much pleased with the mechanism of the guns and, seizing one, worked it, threw it up to his shoulder, pointed it out of the window, clicked it, tested it, and finally, with the enthusiasm of a boy, passed it over to me for examination, exclaiming: "By George! Look at it! Ain't that *bully?*" I wondered whether the Germans had ever heard the Kaiser talking about *bully* things.

The thing that has pleased me most in my visits to Mr. Roosevelt is his relations with his children. When they are together they are all boys and girls and all Presidents. One day at luncheon young Teddy was deeply interested in a game. I proposed to teach them one that the player can win only once in a thousand times. So, after luncheon, on a big marble table in the hallway, the children and I had our fun, and I feel sure the President regretted as much as any of us that business prevented him from taking part in the sport.

Another time when I called he had a great red

abrasion upon his forehead which looked as if some one had sandpapered him. "What's that?" said I. "Why, my horse," said he, with a strong qualifying adjective, "stuck his foot in a hole in a bridge and fell, nearly breaking my neck," and he laughed at it as if it was a good joke. "Too strenuous!" said I. "Take this and it will cool your blood and keep you from riding so hard." I passed him a little bundle of sassafras bark which I had bought in the Washington market from an old coloured woman, intending to make sassafras tea of it, to remind me of the time when I was a boy in the country. "What is it? It smells good," said he. I told him. "I'll take it and make some tea. Have no doubt it is good." He seldom forgets anything, and the next time I saw him reminded me of it and said every child in the house had had a try at it.

When I want anything from President Roosevelt I can tell in a minute whether I will get it or not. I do not want much, but when I do I want it right away or not at all. So when we meet I am apt to say: "Mr. President, I want so and so." If he will not do it he says so, and that ends it. If he hesitates, I can generally tell by the questions he asks whether he will or will not do it. If he says "All right," then I know it will be done and done quickly. On a certain occasion I asked him to help me have a friend retained in office. He agreed to do so, and at once called a stenographer

and began to dictate. He was going so fast it nearly took my breath away. The things he began to dictate were all wrong. I began to correct. We both exploded with laughter. "Here," said he, giving it up, "you dictate it. I'll sign it. Sign anything that does not involve me in paying any money,"—and the business was done.

Another time I went there and he asked me to tell him about a certain man he was considering for office. I spoke well of him. I thought he was probably going to act in a month or so. Imagine my surprise the following evening, on taking up the evening paper, at seeing that the man's name had been sent to the Senate even before my letter advising him to get endorsements had reached him.

Napoleon in his palmiest days never insisted upon "Activité—Celerité—Activité" more strenuously than does Roosevelt.

I never have exactly understood just why the President invited Booker Washington to lunch with him, nor do I care. I think the Southern people have made themselves ridiculous about it and given it an importance that is absurd. It is almost impossible to discuss a question like that without being misapprehended. I do not care what one's views on the subject may be, there are circumstances under which a man, however prejudiced, may find himself in a position in which to raise a point like that would give it

undue importance and render himself absurdly conspicuous. I do happen to know that President Roosevelt is not an advocate of social equality. Know it from things which he has said so often in public that the same things said in private would not be confidential. Suppose that in his public position as President of the United States he feels that it is not below his dignity, but quite in the line of his duty, upon meeting a distinguished, good and representative man of the black race, not to discriminate against him on account of his colour but to pay him the same compliment of entertainment that he pays to distinguished white men every day. Now if the man had been an Indian nobody would have criticised it. The Presidents have been entertaining Indians from the time of Andrew Jackson. It does not mean anything but what it is. A public courtesy, a passing insignificant courtesy. To deny it would certainly be a pointed discrimination against him. All one can say is that he would have made the discrimination. Grant it. Suppose he would have done so. Still, is it a thing of such vital importance that we must have an irreconcilable feud, prejudice and hatred against a gentleman admirable in other respects for having differed with us on so trivial a matter? By making the point do we not give the incident an importance, a significance, an effect far beyond that to which it is entitled?

I noticed that in Richmond not long ago, and

long since the Booker Washington episode, Mr. R. C. Ogden was royally entertained by the representative people of the city—by the very people who were most bitter in their denunciation of the President for entertaining Booker Washington. It is proper that the Richmond people should have entertained Mr. Ogden. He is a most worthy private citizen. He is rich and philanthropic, and deeply interested in educational questions, especially questions pertaining to the education of the negro. But Mr. Ogden certainly has views upon the subject of social equality much more radical than any entertained by President Roosevelt. Mr. Ogden receives and entertains Booker Washington as an honoured guest in his private house. He goes to Mr. Ogden's and remains days at a time. He sleeps in Mr. Ogden's beds, and sits at the table with the family, and conducts family prayers, and does all the things which any white guest might do; and one might talk to Mr. Ogden for the remainder of his life without exciting in his mind the slightest prejudice against Booker Washington or making him feel that there is any sense in our race prejudices. I say *our* race prejudices because I confess frankly that I am a Southern man and have race prejudices, and that it is altogether likely that if I had been in President Roosevelt's place I would no more have invited Booker Washington to lunch with me than would have others. I confess

it. It may be a weakness and a prejudice, but it is one I cannot control any more than I can master other prejudices that control me. And anyone is welcome to all the comfort he can get out of that confession. But what I do not understand and what I want my Southern brother, with a common prejudice, to explain to me is this: How is it and why is it that they ignore, or overlook, or condone Mr. Ogden's private practice of social equality and entertain him, but grow frantic about the formal recognition of Booker Washington by President Roosevelt, and even refuse to support his party for that reason, often at the same time agreeing with its principles? Now is it not making a mountain out of a mole-hill? Let me whisper something in their ears that will show what an unnecessary excitement this is. You do not believe that Governor Montague of Virginia favours social equality, do you? Surely you ought not to think so, for you remember that he proclaimed the new Constitution which disfranchised all the negroes without submitting it to the people as was promised. Now you remember that Governor Montague has been placed by Mr. Ogden on his Board of Trustees of Tuskegee College; that he attends the meetings of that Board; that he is often thrown into association with the president of the college, Booker Washington. Some day slip up quietly to him and ask him to look you in the eye and tell you truthfully whether

in his numerous visits to Tuskegee and elsewhere, on business of the college with his old friend Ogden, he has sat at the table with Booker Washington or other black men. I do not say it is so, but if it is not so, there has been a great amount of managing to avoid it. If it be so, how absurd you will feel when you find that leading representative men in the party which has raised all this hue and cry against the President have been doing the very thing for which you have been abusing him and by which you have been wrought up to such an excitement. And whether these things have been done or not, how absurd it is to consider them as having any bearing whatever upon the great question of social equality. Nobody can fix a hard-and-fast rule for another whereby to judge him by a single act. Circumstances alter cases. Finally, is it not a reflection upon the intelligence of the Southern people that they permit themselves to be lashed into feverish excitement by so small an affair. Viewed simply from the standpoint of his personal popularity for the time being, President Roosevelt's act was unwise, and as it was also unnecessary it may have been impolitic from a political standpoint, for just at that time he undoubtedly had caught the eye of the South, and the Southern people were preparing to give him a support which, although it was qualified, was far more enthusiastic than that they had accorded

to any of his Republican predecessors, even to McKinley, who had made a decided impression on the Solid South. Truth was, they were ashamed of their support of Bryan and sick of Democratic broken promises. Roosevelt, half a Southerner himself, has many characteristics that captivate them. They like his books about hunting and his hustling, open-air ways. They are proud of his Rough Riders. They saw him riding into danger with the dash and recklessness of a Southern cavalryman. They read his glorious tribute to Robert E. Lee. They believe he is honest and broad-minded himself, and intends to be President of the whole Nation, frown on sectionalism, and demand honesty and capacity from his appointees. Within my own knowledge clubs were forming, in sections theretofore solid in opposition, composed of men who never theretofore voted the Republican ticket, to be called Roosevelt Clubs and organized upon the basis of non-partisan support of Roosevelt because of his high principles and broad policies. Of course that was the entering wedge for breaking up the blighting insanity of their past subservient allegiance to anything bearing the name of Democracy. And the Southern Bourbon leaders were thoroughly alarmed about the movement. I was delighted at the prospect, and was quietly working like a beaver to bring about the result outlined above. But great results are oftimes thwarted by very little things.

I remember seeing a fine negro ball in a barn broken up on a certain occasion by the appearance of a very small polecat. He was roused from his winter resting place by the furious dancing on the floor. Nobody expected him, but he came, and after he came the company departed, and not even the tempting odours of roast pig and country sausage could induce the dusky company to return to the feast. By the time the intruder was disposed of, the original purposes of the gathering were lost sight of amid the lingering perfumes of the unexpected guest. I need hardly point the moral of this story.

If the President had ever taken me into his confidence I would not now venture to say that I feel sure he has many times realised that the episode was unfortunate; but he has had the good sense not to make any admission about it.

There is one thing about Roosevelt. He can fall down and get up again, and then go faster than the average man who never stumbles.

His apprehension is as keen and quick as that of any man I ever saw. His apparent impatience with some people is not impatience. It arises from the fact that he often understands a matter before the person stating it thinks he has made it comprehensible.

The President is charged with having one fault that many men regard as a virtue, to wit, a partiality for his friends and an overestimate of

their abilities. The most notable instance generally cited is his promotion of Leonard Wood. Even that has two sides to it. It may be conceded that General Wood is not a man of such pre-eminent worth and capacity that, without the partiality of the appointing power, he would have been promoted as he was. It may likewise be conceded that his promotion over the heads of many other deserving men was a hardship upon them and was inconsiderate of their fair expectations. But the first promotion of Wood was by McKinley, whose family physician he was. When the question came to Roosevelt it was not one of first impression. Let any man who is disposed to blame Roosevelt for what he did consider his relation to Wood. To have refused to do what he did would have been worse than doing nothing. It would have been to refuse a true and tried friend a recognition of rights conferred by a predecessor; to actually turn him down and turn him back. Let any man who knows the bond and the power of old army friendships consider this before he blames Roosevelt. If he is partial to old friends it is a venial weakness. Many a politician has been wrecked by ingratitude, but few have been punished for loyalty to friends. Not many men in his position have such a number of warm personal friends that their advancement imperils the public service, and the generous American people have always condoned this tendency in their public men.

President Roosevelt has, in my opinion, one grave defect. A defect which may not weaken his personal strength, because he has declared that he will not be a candidate for reëlection, but which tends to the injury of the party which he ought to protect. He admits to his councils, and is advised by and apparently follows sometimes, the advice of men who are not Republicans or even representatives of any political ideas. It is a mistake on his part to think that because they are congenial socially, or intelligent, or have other tastes in common with him, he ought to invite their views, or at any rate be guided by their views, on political questions. If they are anything politically they are mere doctrinaires, without political influence or following or title to political consideration, and if he listens to their views he will soon find himself advocating political something-nothings to the injury of his party supporters. He will lose in his own party, and gain nothing in the opposition, by admitting such men into his political confidence.

God has made him an extraordinary man, with views far more catholic, perhaps, than those of his party or his supporters. But he is not likely to meet many other men whose views are as enlarged as his own, or whose opinions are apt to be as valuable. He cannot hope to build up a new party with them, and as he cannot he must be content with having his own party as large and

broad as he can make it with his own material. When he takes counsel from outsiders he is running the risk of mingling incompatible elements to the detriment of both. A man of his worldly wisdom will not take long to discover this; for, with all his wonderful abilities and great triumphs and daily improvement, he is still young, with much to learn.

That he is possessed of a strong, powerful intellect; a virility which as yet feels no decline; an ambition that aspires to all that is honourably possible, and an honesty that endears him to his countrymen is admitted by everyone.

Sometimes the action of President Roosevelt upon newly arisen issues has been so sudden, so decisive, so radical, that members of his own party have been startled and even irritated at his apparent impulsiveness. A notable instance of this was his almost immediate recognition of the Panama Revolutionary Government. In that case it did, at first blush, seem as if he was too impetuous. Yet, when the public came to understand the whole situation, I think it unanimously agreed that the President's action was fully justified, and that his celerity obviated a number of embarrassing and perhaps expensive complications which would have arisen under a less decisive course. As it has turned out, the American people have attained their great object, an Isthmian Canal, in the time which would, under a less

virile Executive, have been consumed in wrangling over preliminaries.

The talk about Roosevelt's imperialistic tendencies is mere rival party babble of discontent. It is the same that people indulged in concerning Andrew Jackson, and Lincoln, and Grant. Some of it springs from the eternal jealousy of the Opposition, some of it from timid natures who are always alarmed at the way in which bold natures accomplish things in a direct, aggressive way. But there never was a more thorough-paced democrat than Roosevelt. The secret of his strength with the people is that he is so democratic and such a believer in popular rights. No man in America would be more fierce or aggressive than Roosevelt against an attempt by anybody against popular liberty. But he believes that popular liberty is not synonymous with delay and doubt and endless quibbling, and that the people's servants ought to do the people's will promptly and thoroughly, and not crawl up to and wriggle around and climb over or scratch under new questions which arise and must arise in every government like ours. His fearlessness in grappling with and disposing of new questions, and his relying upon the people to endorse him, instead of keeping such questions open until they fester, is one great secret of his popular strength, and the masses have faith unshaken in his true American democratic instincts and purposes.

No man has ever left the Presidential chair so young and still so full of the thirst for life's activities as he will be when his term ends. It is food for curious speculation to endeavour to forecast his future after his term shall have ended.

Nothing political remains to be achieved by him. What else will he attempt? Nobody knows. But in America there is always something for everybody to do or to attempt.

Knowing Roosevelt well, having studied him carefully, having oftentimes been startled and sometimes irritated by him, yet respecting him always and having faith in his true democracy; finally, admiring him sincerely, and being deeply attached to him for his fidelity and fearlessness, my feeling for him is as near to love as one man should have for another, and my faith in his future is unbounded, because I know he is that "noblest work of God—an honest man."

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